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JANUARY 17, 1969

# TIME

ITALY: INDUSTRIALISTS AS HEROES

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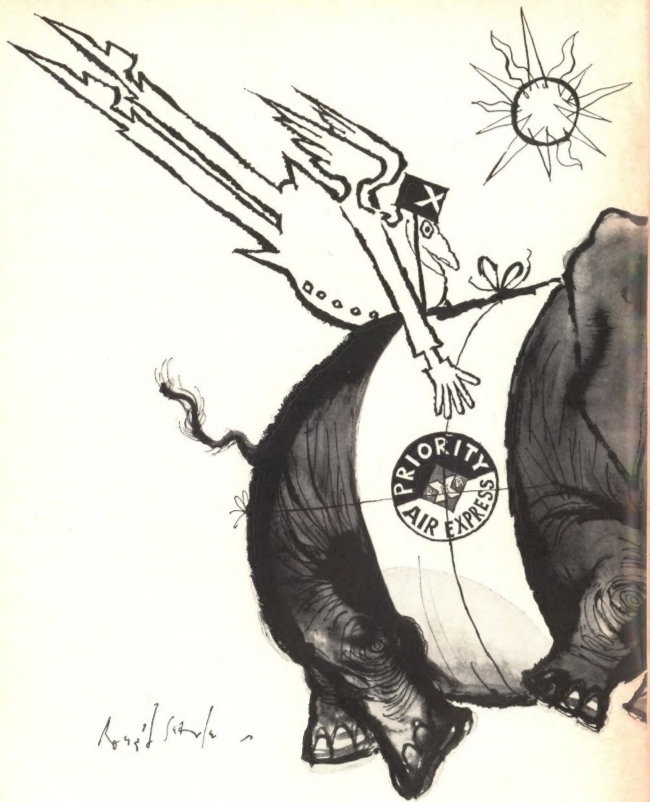
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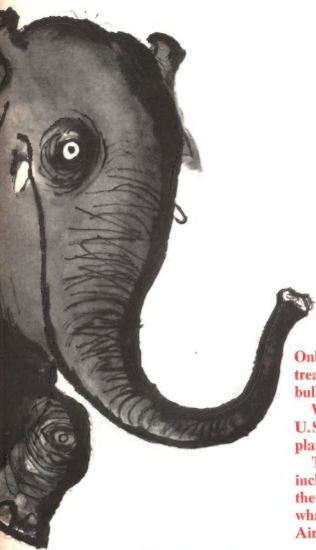
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# TIME LISTINGS

## TELEVISION

Wednesday, January 15

**THE WORLD WE LIVE IN** (NET, 8-8:30 p.m.).\* "Animal War, Animal Peace" studies the ways animals guard their territory, and relates their actions to human aggression.

Thursday, January 16

**THE QUEEN AND I** (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). A scheming pursuer (Larry Storch) meets his nemesis in Billy De Wolfe, who plays a first officer on the S.S. *Amsterdam* Queen, an ancient ocean liner steaming toward the scrap pile. *Première*.

**NET PLAYHOUSE** (NET, 8-9 p.m.). The National Theater of the Deaf features a troupe of professional actors who, although deaf themselves, perform for hearing audiences as well as the silent world.

**CHRISLEY PRESENTS THE BOB HOPE CHRISTMAS SHOW** (NBC, 8:30-10 p.m.). Highlights from Hope's annual trip to entertain the servicemen during the holidays. This year he is assisted by Ann-Margret, Linda Bennett, Rosy Grier and the Goldiggers.

**COMEDY IS KING II** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Alan King leads a group of guests in a satirical look at contemporary life. Among the jaundiced eyes: Shirley Jones, Leslie Uggams, Tony Randall, Jack Carter, Nipsey Russell and Linda Lavin.

Saturday, January 18

**KELLOGG'S PRESENTS THE BANANA SPLITS ADVENTURE HOUR** (NBC, 10:30-11:30 a.m.). Burl Ives narrates a dramatization of Robert Lawson's award-winning book, *Rabbit Hill*, which is about a group of animals and their feelings toward man. Repeat.

**THE HOLLYWOOD PALACE** (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). It's country-and-western night, with Hosts Roy Rogers and Dale Evans and their guests Burl Ives, George Gobel, Minnie Pearl, Jeannie C. Riley, Sonny James and a hillbilly singing group, Stony Mt. Cloggers.

Sunday, January 19

**DISCOVERY '69** (ABC, 11:30 a.m. to noon). In "A Corner of France," St. Pierre, a French possession off the coast of Newfoundland, is visited to see how the islanders live today.

**AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE ALL-STAR GAME** (NBC, 2 p.m. to conclusion). The best of the East meet the best of the West, live from the Gator Bowl in Jacksonville, Florida.

**NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE PRO BOWL** (CBS, 4 p.m. to conclusion). The formula as before from the senior circuit, live from the Los Angeles Coliseum.

Monday, January 20

**THE PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION OF RICHARD M. NIXON**. All three networks cover inaugural activities during the day. NBC starts at 7 a.m. with a special three-hour *Today Show*, and is joined by the other networks at 10 a.m. for live coverage throughout the day.

**INAUGURATION '69** (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Frank McGee reviews the outstanding events and ceremonies of the day.

**THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION** (NET, 8-10 p.m.). The program 1) profiles the people around the new President, 2) discusses

the problems facing the new Administration, 3) presents a film of the transition from one Administration to another, and 4) gives a view of the 91st Congress.

Tuesday, January 21

**NET FESTIVAL** (NET, 8-9 p.m.). "The Film Generation: Cinema of the Absurd" features an interview with Polish Director Roman Polanski and a showing of his film *Mammals*, plus excerpts from his first film, *Two Men and a Wardrobe*.

**NBC TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES** (NBC, 9-11:15 p.m.). Oskar Werner and Julie Christie star in *Fahrenheit 451* (1967) about a futuristic society where owning and reading books is a crime.

## THEATER

### On Broadway

**FORTH CARATS** is a light and frothy French farce by Pierre Barillet and Jean-Pierre Gredy, the team that wrote *Cactus Flower*. Julie Harris, as a twice-divorced damsel of 40 who is wooed and won by a lad nearly half her age, proves that love is a game for all seasons. As a tonic for middle-aged matrons, the play is so potent that Producer David Merrick may have to institute extra matinees to handle the crush.

**PROMISES, PROMISES** is an imitation of past successes, with a plot from the Wilder-Diamond film *The Apartment* and a structure borrowed from *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. Jerry Orbach and Marian Mercer turn in the best performances of the evening.

**JIMMY SHINE**, Playwright Murray Schisgal, attempting a journey through mood, psyche and character, fails to go anywhere. But Dustin Hoffman is so obviously pleased with himself that it is difficult for anyone in the audience not to be just as satisfied.

**ZORBA**, Producer-Director Harold Prince has turned out a brassy bit of Broadwayana that is as far from the Mediterranean basin as is Shubert Alley. Herschel Bernardi is never really possessed by the role of the grizzled Dionysian pagan, and the bouzouki music sounds as if it were piped in by Muzak.

**KING LEAR**. Lee J. Cobb gives the best performance of his career in his revival by the Lincoln Center Repertory Company. Cobb's portrayal of the blind, incurably foolish Lear has an all-involving humanity from which an audience cannot withhold some of its deepest emotions.

### Off Broadway

**TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK** is a warm, loving tribute to the late Lorraine Hansberry, put together from her own writings. The interracial cast, ably directed by Gene Frankel, works well as an ensemble to thread an elegiac mood through the range of comedy, rage, reminiscence and introspection.

**DAMES AT SEA** is a delightful spoof of the movie musicals of the 1930s. The engaging cast of six features Bernadette Peters as Ruby, the hoover who "taps her way to stardom" against all odds.

**TEA PARTY AND THE BASEMENT**. In all Harold Pinter plays the surface is never the substance, and the meaning lies in the eye and mind of the beholder. In *Tea Party*, a middle-aged manufacturer of bi-

detts is pushed into what may be his death throes by the interactions of his secretary, his wife and his wife's brother. *The Basement* deals with the relations of two men and a girl who share a basement flat.

**BIG TIME BUCK WHITE**. Dick Williams is more a bore than a bombshell as he delivers a sermon at a Black Power meeting. But the three years that the cast has worked together pays off in an excellent comic ensemble.

## CINEMA

**THE FIXER**. "I'm the kind of man who finds it perilous just to be alive," says the reluctant hero of this grueling and often moving adaptation of Bernard Malamud's novel. Under the meticulous direction of John Frankenheimer, the cast performs with a power that gives the film an almost Dostoevskian force.

**THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S** was one of the nicest surprises of the old year: a funny, affectionate valentine to the vanished days of burlesque. Songs, dances, and moldy jokes are all delivered with appropriate irreverence. The actors, including Jason Robards and Norman Wisdom as a couple of seedy comics, Brit Ekland as an innocent young thing in the big city, and Joseph Wiseman and Harry Andrews as concerned fathers, all seem perfect for their parts.

**CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG** is a friendly, affectionate musical that drags a bit in the first half, but picks up once Dick Van Dyke, who plays a pixilated inventor, gets his children, his girl friend (Sally Ann Howes) and his car airborne in a glorious romp.

**THE FIREMEN'S BALL**. Under the direction of Milos Forman (*Loves of a Blonde*), a group of firemen stage a party in honor of their retiring chief, and act out a neat parody of Communist bureaucracy.

**YELLOW SUBMARINE** is an elaborate cartoon adventure starring the Beatles in animated form. Although Animator Heinz Edelmann brings off a series of visual puns, the overall result tends to drag at times.

**BULLITT** is a cops-and-robbers movie that moves the audience's viscera, particularly during a chase scene up and down the hills of San Francisco. Steve McQueen stars as a detective with impeccable cool.

**FUNNY GIRL**. Barbra Streisand makes her movie debut in a loud musical biography of Fanny Brice. Miss Streisand is on-screen most of the time, which may delight rabid fans, but can give others a sense of uneasy familiarity.

**COOGAN'S BLUFF**. This story of an Arizona sheriff (Clint Eastwood) who comes to New York on a manhunt, amply justifies Director Don Siegel's reputation as a minor film genius.

**WEEKEND**. Jean-Luc Godard gives the bourgeoisie a good drubbing in a satire that might have been sharper had its straight-faced Maoist political harangues not been so dull.

**PRETTY POISON**. Homicide can be fun, as Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld prove in this small but stinging satire on violence in America directed by Noel Black, 31, whose previous experience has been mostly in educational and commercial shorts.

**OLIVER!** They've removed Dickens' reformist zeal, but substituted some colorful period costumes, some excellent songs by Lionel Bart and some perfectly stunning

\* All times E.S.T.

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sets by John Box. The result is the best musical of 1968. Carol Reed directs a large cast (including Ron Moody, Shani Wallis and Mark Lester as Oliver) with wizardly precision.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**JOYCE CARP**, by Malcolm Foster. The first full-scale biography of the late-blooming author of *The Horse's Mouth* and *Herself Surprised* reveals his vision of the world as a struggle between creative man and organized authority.

**SILENCE ON MONTE SOLE**, by Jack Olsen. The incident itself was only a footnote to the history of World War II's Italian campaign. Yet Author Olsen (*The Black Athlete: A Shameful Story*) performs a feat of literary journalism in this meticulously researched, excruciatingly detailed account of Nazi SS reprisal raids on Italian villages that resulted in the murder of 1,800 people.

**MILLAIS AND THE RUSKINS**, by Mary Lutyens. A measured, complex view of the private lives of the Victorian genius John Ruskin and his wife that reads as smoothly as an old-fashioned novel of manners.

**THE ARMS OF KRUPP**, by William Manchester. An encyclopedic history of the eccentric family whose arsenal on the Ruhr armed Germany in two world wars.

**TURPIN**, by Stephen Jones. Beginning with the circumcision of a golden retriever and lurching from ludicrous deaths to outrageous depravities, this sweet and savage novel bares the terrors that hide beneath the surface of apparently calm minds.

**THE BEASTLY BEATITUDES OF BALTHAZAR B.**, by J. P. Donleavy. A rich, dreamy young man wanders rudderless through a series of touchingly humorous misadventures. The author's best novel since *The Ginger Man*.

**O'NEILL: SON AND PLAYWRIGHT**, by Louis Sheaffer. In the first of two volumes, Author Sheaffer examines the emotional factors in the playwright's family history that drove him to write his great sprawling tragedies.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. The Solzburg Connection, MacInnes (2 last week)
2. A Small Town in Germany, Le Carré (1)
3. Airport, Hailey (4)
4. Preserve and Protect, Drury (3)
5. Force 10 from Navarone, MacLean (5)
6. The First Circle, Solzhenitsyn (8)
7. The Hurricane Years, Hawley (6)
8. The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B., Donleavy
9. Tell Me That You Love Me Junie Moon, Kellogg
10. Testimony of Two Men, Caldwell (7)

#### NONFICTION

1. The Money Game, 'Adam Smith' (3)
2. The Arms of Krupp, Manchester (4)
3. Instant Replay, Kramer (1)
4. The Day Kennedy Was Shot, Bishop (2)
5. Sixty Years on the Firing Line, Krock (7)
6. Anti-Memoirs, Malraux (9)
7. The Rich and the Super-Rich, Lundberg (6)
8. On Reflection, Hayes (5)
9. The Bogey Man, Plimpton
10. The Joys of Yiddish, Rosten (8)



## LETTERS

### The Moon and the Earth

Sir: We needed that. Those three brave and simple men, flying farther and faster to more forbidding frontiers than ever before, were an inspiration we have needed and must not now let slip. In tormented 1968, symbols of pride and constructive achievement were singularly lacking in our national life, but to end on such an upswing might be just what we need to urge us to work harder, mean less, and move into 1969 with a new resolve to overcome our earthbound problems.

ELIOT R. PUTNAM JR.  
Assistant Chief of Mission  
CARE/MEDICO, Tunisia

Sir: You might be directed to the words of Thomas Merton, who died just before the end of this strange year: "What is the good of exalting the 'greatness of man' simply because the concerted efforts of technicians, soldiers and politicians manage to put a man on the moon while four-fifths of the human race remains in abject misery, not properly clothed or fed, in lives subject to arbitrary and senseless manipulations by politicians or violence at the hands of police, hoodlums or revolutionaries? Certainly the possibilities and the inherent nobility of man are stupendous, but it is small help to crow about it when the celebration of his theoretic greatness does nothing to help him find himself as an ordinary human being."

1968 was the year of Eugene McCarthy as well as of the moon. It was the year of Biafra and Viet Nam, of King and Kennedy, of Prague and Chicago, of law and order, riot and revolution. You have coped out.

JEFF PETERIL  
Oak Park, Ill.

Sir: Is it that the criterion for greatness is success? Or is it that 1968 was so terrifying a year for human relations that we must salute a concrete accomplishment made possible by the less human of human virtues, efficiency? I don't quite know. But, to me, 1968 was a year of human commitment. More of mankind than ever before became genuinely concerned for their fellow man. There was more hope and more despair, more excitement and more tragedy. But, above all, commitment. 1968 was not a year to salute the successes of science; it was a year of hope for the future of men.

JIM LOBE  
Paris

Sir: We on earth, all of us, do thank you, our astronauts, for your marvelous message, your outstanding example of heroism and humility, your perfect teamwork along with thousands of fellow Americans. You will lead today's youth out of the morass of self-pity and destruction, you will teach the new generation the world over to follow on the road of self-discipline, hard work and heroic achievement that is the behavior of a true American citizen.

MANUEL RODRIGUEZ ANDRADE  
Alicante, Spain

Sir: I sometimes wonder what would have happened if there had been a Congressman Ugh way back then to ask of what value was fire, considering the problem of substandard caves. Thank heavens for those who asked way back why not instead of why, and for those who throughout history agreed with Norwegian Explorer Fridtjof Nansen that "it is... of no purpose to discuss the use of knowledge—

man wants to know, and when he ceases to do so he is no longer man."

Columbus missed the riches of the East, but he'll never know how close to Wall Street he came.

DANIEL JOHN SOBIESKI  
Chicago

### Call for Realism

Sir: Re "Dilemma of the Code" [Jan. 3]: While in Korea in 1950, I had rather serious thoughts about my ability, if I were captured, to abide by our Code of Conduct. General Woodward's action has now provided considerable support for my belief that any man can be persuaded to rationalize the placement of his signature on a fallacious document. The enemy need only find the proper stimulus.

Why not make our code realistic? Proclaim to the world that a captured soldier is regarded as a puppet while in enemy hands. As such, he will mouth words or write documents as his captor dictates. Thus, the propaganda value of a "confession" will become insignificant, and the helpless prisoner will be spared oppression for being human.

JAMES H. STEWART, M.D.  
New Orleans

### Where Lies the Justice?

Sir: The Israeli attack at Beirut [Jan. 3] was monumentally stupid. Some Arabs are moderates as far as Israel is concerned, and would like to work out solutions at the conference table if Israel and their own people would permit. Others are militants and see no answer but the gun and the grenade. Israel's attack pulled the rug from under the moderates, whom they should aim to strengthen, and added tremendously to the backing of the militants.

The U.S. has supported Israel, although such support is directly contrary to the interest of the U.S. Israel has nothing to offer this country. Our dealings with her are a one-way street—outgoing. All our economic interest is with the Arab nations who hold over 70% of the free world's known oil reserves, plus the short trade route to the Far East—both of which are vital to our English and European allies.

GORDON M. JONES  
Evanston, Ill.

Sir: O.K. But I bet the North Koreans wouldn't hijack an Israeli ship!

STEPHEN J. CUNNINGHAM JR.  
Blackburg, Va.

Sir: I never thought I would live to see the day when the spiritual leader of millions of Roman Catholics would send his condolences upon the destruction of twelve empty airplanes and never utter a word against the wanton slaying of twelve human beings who perished in a Jerusalem market explosion while doing their Sabbath shopping.

RABBI NORBERT WEINBERG  
Congregation Adas Israel  
Fall River, Mass.

Sir: What a sense of balance and equity there is at the U.N. and our State Department! Nigerians kill Biafrans, Russia invades Czechoslovakia, Arab terrorists kill Israelis, and Israel bombs airplanes and a terminal without killing one person. Who does the U.N. condemn? Israel. What a travesty of justice.

JERRY STEINMAN  
West Nyack, N.Y.

### Sic Transit Gloria

Sir: Gloria Steinem's "feminine mystique" is showing [Jan. 3]. I can see nothing negative or unflattering in Mrs. Nixon's comment that she "never had time to think about who I wanted to be or to worry about who I admire and identify with." The comment is forceful, feminine and honest, and one that is surely echoed in similar words by thousands of other hard-working, happy, family-oriented and ultimately successful American women.

(MRS.) BARBARA G. JACOBS  
Miami

Sir: Add this to the inventory on Steinem—dumb! The divorce rate among the young marrieds can be traced back to the cliché propaganda of the Friedan/Steinem ilk who perpetuate the cult of the beautiful, ever youthful, career-minded, glamorous, intellectual, competitive and glib nitwit who falls apart at the sight of an unmade bed or dirty toilet bowl.

And what the hell does "emotionally blackmailed into domesticity" mean? Who is the blackmailer? Who is the blackmailed? Is there one woman in the world who doesn't know that caring for your man means laundry, marketing, cooking and great mounds of garbage? It also means not getting yourself worked up over someone "giving you your identity." You either have it or you don't.

CLAIRE GOLDBERG  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

### Testimony for the Testament

Sir: Your review of S.G.F. Brandon's books in "A Political, Patriotic Jesus" [Jan. 3] was very perceptive. His thesis

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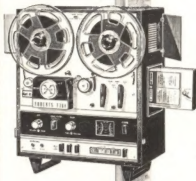
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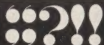
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that the Gospels provide an anti-Semitic view of the trial of Jesus that incorrectly tends to exonerate Pontius Pilate has, of course, much currency—indeed, any Jewish involvement on Good Friday is being questioned by some writers. But one wonders if the pendulum of interpretation may not be swinging too far.

The fact remains that, according to all contemporary Judeo-Roman sources, the trial of Jesus could have taken place essentially as portrayed in the New Testament. A very important but little-known gauge of the reliability of the New Testament accounts are the purely Jewish sources and traditions, which require the death penalty for Yeshu Hannosi (Jesus of Nazareth), such as *Sanhedrin* 43a of The Babylonian Talmud. The stoning of Jesus' brother James during the absence of the Roman governor in 62 A.D. is another shred of important evidence. The Gospels, then, are not necessarily anti-Semitic for their portrayal of a Jewish prosecution at the trial of Jesus, as is shown in my book *Pontius Pilate* (Doubleday).

Rather, it was a tragic error of the later Christian church to derive an anti-Semitic attitude from Jewish involvement in the case of Jesus of Nazareth. The church forgot that the prosecution was acting in absolute good faith, that even so it represented only a small fraction of the Jewish populace, and that responsibility for its role is not transferable. Indeed, to be anti-Semitic because of Good Friday is as ridiculous as hating Italians because a few of their forebears once threw Christians to the lions!

PAUL A. MAIER

Professor of Ancient History  
Western Michigan University  
Kalamazoo

### Within the Scheme

Sir: By observing that John Steinbeck "tended to diminish humans to the condition of animals, to reduce his characters to their simple biological needs and desires," (Dec. 27) Edmund Wilson commits the critic's unpardonable sin of applying his own standards to another's work. For to make this observation, one must first assume that man is, as Christian philosophy dictates, the earthly king of the universe. This assumption, however, goes entirely against the grain of Mr. Steinbeck's philosophy, which was based upon an intense, pantheistic love of nature, and led him to "animalize" his characters in order that he might free them from their sanitized, alienated existence and place them with utmost dignity within the grand scheme of the universe.

MICHAEL J. ALLISON

Long Beach, Calif.

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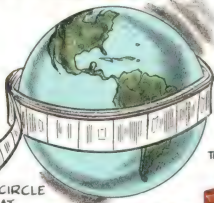


# STRANGE as it seems ELSIE HIX



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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 17, 1969 Vol. 93, No. 3

## THE NATION

### TOWARD THE NIXON INAUGURATION

THE formal transfer of power to a new President of the U.S. is always a solemn moment. It is also a moment of promise, a time for hopeful pledges rather than penitential litanies. Columbia Historian Henry Graff calls the act of transition "America's stirring rite of political renewal." The mood of Inauguration 1969 is neither the bleak desperation of 1933, when Franklin Roosevelt succeeded Herbert Hoover amid the Great Depression, nor the partisan exhilaration of 1965, after Lyndon Johnson had been elected in his own right. The U.S. is in grave crisis, yet the President-elect has revealed little of his design; he has remained immured in his Manhattan headquarters, working long hours but making few public statements. Washington waits, this week with quiet anticipation for the installation of Richard Nixon, uncertain about the tone and thrust of his presidency, but looking happily forward to the fun and fanfare of the celebration.

It will not be the exuberant, swinging blowout that began the Kennedy years, with a seemingly endless inaugural parade and partying through the night. For four days, the capital will whirl sedately with genteel Republican merry-making, beginning with an All-American Gala in the District of Columbia Armory, produced by Ed McMahon of the *Tonight Show* (see TELEVISION). For \$10 to \$100 a ticket, the guests will get Ed and his boss Johnny Carson, Dinah Shore, Lionel Hampton, James Brown, Marguerite Piazza, Tony Bennett, Hugh O'Brian and Hines, Hines & Dad. The night before Inauguration, Salt Lake City's 350-strong Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Soprano Anna Moffo and Pianist Andre Watts will hold forth at a concert honoring the President-elect and his Vice President in Constitution Hall; the house is already nearly sold out, at prices ranging from \$5 for a terrace seat to \$500 for a five-seat box. Orchestra seats are \$35.

**Horses and Dukes.** Unseasonably balmy weather is predicted for Inauguration Day itself, in happy contrast to the eight inches of snow that buried Washington just before the Kennedy Inauguration eight years ago. After Nixon takes the oath from Chief Justice Earl Warren at noon on the Capitol steps and delivers his inaugural address, the two-hour parade—shortest in memory, timed to end while there is still enough light for color-television cameras—will get under way up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. Nixon, Vice President Agnew and their families will watch from a heated presidential box enclosed in bulletproof glass; lesser spectators will look on from bleachers pounded together out of hundreds of miles of top-grade Douglas fir. The paraders will include 56 bands—among them the group from Nixon's old high school in Whittier, Calif.—cadets and midshipmen from the service academies, 13-year-old Vicki Cole of Deshler, Ohio, carrying



PAT WITH MOTTO SCARF



Awirl with genteel Republican merry-making.



NIXON AT FIFTH AVENUE INAUGURAL DISPLAY



WHITTIER HIGH SCHOOL BAND

"Women will be admitted in their formal drawers."



LOUISIANA'S TRUMPET FLOAT



KENTUCKY'S PARADE ENTRY

her "Bring Us Together" poster on one of the 39 floats, three Lipizzaner horses, and the French Dukes drill team from Ann Arbor, Mich.

Afterward, for \$70 a couple up to \$1,000 for a box seating eight, some 30,000 of the faithful will dance at six inaugural balls, one of them at the Smithsonian Institution; the twelve members of Nixon's Cabinet have been carefully parceled out, two per celebration. The Nixons, of course, will drop in on all six. White tie is preferred, but black tie is permitted; in a concession to the times, turtleneck shirts will be permissible for the men and pants suits for the women. Badgered by fashion writers last week, Inaugural Ball Co-Chairman Mark Evans, a broadcasting executive, conceded: "Women will be admitted in their formal drawers."

**Crumpets and Tea.** Mever Davis or chestnuts and 30 combos will tootle for tripping Republican toes. It will be the ninth inaugural ball for Davis, 70, and he has composed a song for the occasion. In part, it goes:

*Julie, pass the crumpets.  
Tricia, serve the tea.  
David, entertain our friends  
With news of Ike and Mamie.  
Dick, won't you play the piano so  
We can sing  
For the nicest family we know?  
Because we know where we're at  
With Richard Nixon and Pat.  
Mister President and our First Lady.*

The inaugural ball committee ran a contest for the official inaugural song, which was won by *Bring Us Together—Go Forward Together*, lyrics by Hal

Hackaday. The committee turned down dozens of requests to perform from would-be entertainers all over the land, including an acrobatic group, an Illinois woman who claimed to be a coloratura soprano, and a lady from Texas who said she had shouted "Amen!" during a Nixon campaign speech. "A lot of people get the idea that this is some sort of variety show," says Assistant Ball Chairman Henry Berliner Jr. "It isn't. It is a ball, a dance, and just that." (In 1965, President Johnson's inaugural committee turned down a California man who offered to whistle *Dixie*, *America* and *Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet* while smoking half a dozen cigars, all simultaneously.)

There were some other difficulties. Inaugural Chairman J. Willard Marriott pleaded with Washington hotelmen not to raise rates during the festivities; unknown to him, his own Marriott Motor Hotels had hiked the price of a double room by 20%, to \$30 a night.

As his inaugural planners wrestled with last-minute snags, the President-elect journeyed by Air Force Convair to Northampton, Mass., to celebrate his birthday with Daughter Julie and her new husband, David Eisenhower. The birthday dinner was a chicken casserole with broccoli and cheese, followed by a store-bought chocolate cake with 56 candles. Pat gave him a pair of cuff links—"All his cuff links were torn off in the campaign," she explained. There were ties, socks and handkerchiefs from Tricia, and from his staff a small bronze statue of an Irish setter in token of the dog they plan to buy him. The Nixon White House menagerie will also in-

clude Blanco, a dog left by the Johnsons because it does not like Texas, a Yorkshire terrier called Pasha, and Vicky, a French poodle.

**Somber and Unsure.** Nixon's main preoccupation was drafting his inaugural address, which he is writing out on lined yellow legal pads. At week's end his Cabinet members assembled in New York at the Pierre hotel headquarters for two days of briefings with the heads of 21 task forces that have been studying the problems facing the incoming Administration. Henry Loomis, director of the policy task force, let it be known that there would be no sudden departures. "Don't expect dramatic shifts or changes," said Loomis. "Maybe Nixon will be able to slow down or alter the direction of 3% to 5% of existing programs in his first year, maybe 8% to 10% in his second and third years. Add it up: that's change of enormous impact and significance. But it's gradual."

The U.S. is briefly quiescent after the shocks and divisions of 1968. But it is also somber and unsure; the vexing dilemmas of Viet Nam, racial tension and urban disintegration all remain unresolved. There is a vacuum in the nation's leadership, and once Richard Milhous Nixon takes the oath of office next week to become the 37th President of the U.S., there will not be much time before he must act to fill it. Still, like most of his predecessors, he starts his term with the good will and high expectations of his fellow citizens. A Louis Harris poll released last week revealed that fully 88% believe that he will unite rather than further divide the U.S.



## THE NEW ADMINISTRATION Filling More Jobs

As Richard Nixon labored over his inaugural address last week, a group of three top aides headed by Attorney General-designate John Mitchell carried on with the task of screening candidates for the 6,500 jobs within the President-elect's gift. Some choices:

► Publisher Walter Annenberg (the Philadelphia Inquirer, TV Guide, the Daily Racing Form), 60, will reportedly get the prized job of Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The London appointment has often gone to a wealthy campaign supporter—to Joseph Kennedy under Eisenhower—and Annenberg fills that bill precisely. His Triangle Publications has become a \$200 million-a-year empire; Annenberg is known in Philadelphia as a tough man to cross. He is an old, trusted friend of Nixon, and the President-elect stayed at his Palm Springs home shortly after the election.

► Oklahoman Bud Wilkinson, 52, ex-football coach, will be a special consultant on reducing the number of proliferating presidential commissions. A TV sports commentator, Wilkinson moderated a number of Nixon's local TV question-and-answer programs during the campaign. Wilkinson's one venture into elective politics was Oklahoma's 1964 Senate race; he lost in an upset to Fred Harris, who will take over as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

► New Yorker Emil ("Bus") Moshbacher Jr., 46, champion U.S. yachtsman, will be chief of protocol. A wealthy investor in real estate and oil, Dartmouth-educated Moshbacher has twice skipped a successful America's Cup defender: *Weatherly* against Australia's *Gretel* in 1962 and *Intrepid* against the 1967 Australian challenger, *Dame Patnie*. The Potomac is no place for a blue-water sailor

or but, said Moshbacher, "Maybe I can sail a dinghy down there."

► Harvard Professor Hendrik Houthakker, 44, a specialist in international economics, was named to the Council of Economic Advisers. The appointment was applauded by his academic peers. Said Democrat John Kenneth Galbraith, a Harvard colleague: "If you're going to have a conservative, it's good to have a competent one."

► Georgian Phil Campbell, 51, was appointed Under Secretary of Agriculture. Campbell, his state's agriculture commissioner since 1955, was one of several Georgia officials who deserted the Democrats for Nixon in the campaign. His appointment is a clear signal to the South that its support for the G.O.P. will not pass unnoticed.

► North Carolinian Mrs. Elizabeth Duncan Koontz, 49, accepted the relatively minor post of director of the women's bureau in the Department of Labor. She is now president of the National Education Association, the world's largest professional organization. Obviously allured to other Negroes who have turned down posts in the Nixon Administration, Mrs. Koontz said: "I've taken this job because I'm an American citizen who wants to improve our society, and that's a job for all American citizens."

Nixon also resolved, at least for the time being, the fate of Republican National Chairman Ray Bliss. Nixon was widely reported as wanting to dump Bliss for past slights, but Bliss's organizational talents are much admired within the party, and Republican leaders around the land rallied to his support. Looking like a happy old owl, Bliss said in Manhattan that the President-elect "expressed complete satisfaction with the job being done by me."

There is a pattern to the people named to the Nixon Administration to date. "Those who have come front and center tend to be bland," reports TIME Cor-

respondent Simmons Fentress. "That doesn't worry the Nixon people at all. This is not an exciting crowd. Its campaign was not exciting, and its government is not apt to be. It recruits by the yardsticks of competence and loyalty and public acceptance. It is not trying to stir or to amuse. Competence may be the goal, but that doesn't mean politics is overlooked."

The job-filling process has been slow. There are more than 300 slots at the level of Assistant Secretary or above in the twelve Cabinet departments, and ten days before inauguration only a dozen had been filled. No one is seriously worried, however. As Nixon Spokesman Ronald Ziegler told a doubting newsmen last week, "We will be able to run the Government."

## THE WAR

### Nixon's Negotiators

In his campaign speeches last fall, Richard Nixon pledged an honorable peace in Viet Nam, but carefully refrained from revealing any of the specifics that he would prescribe to end Southeast Asia's three decades of bloodshed and turmoil. Thus Nixon is assuming the presidency unfreighted with any of the electioneering labels that proved so embarrassing to Lyndon Johnson. The President-elect is neither avowedly hawk nor dove, and the Communist negotiators he will face in Paris, knowing nothing of the President-elect's intentions, are finding a match for their own studied inscrutability.

Nixon's choice of William P. Rogers as his Secretary of State offered no clue. Rogers is proud that his record is unmarked by a single public statement on Viet Nam. But when Nixon last week named Henry Cabot Lodge, his 1960 running mate, to be chief U.S. negotiator in Paris, it seemed to many that the new Administration was at last tipping its hand. Lodge, who twice served



BUD WILKINSON

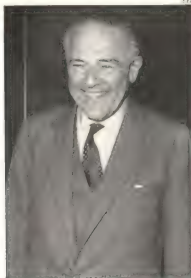


WALTER ANNENBERG



BUS MOSHBACHER

Yardsticks of loyalty and public acceptance.



HENRY CABOT LODGE  
*Stealthy satisfaction for doves.*

as U.S. Ambassador to Saigon, was the instrument of American power in Viet Nam at crucial moments of the war. A number of commentators argued that his selection was a signal that Nixon was committed to a tough policy and that the Communists could hope for few concessions. They recalled Lodge's close association with South Viet Nam's impetuous Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky, who heads his government's balky delegation in Paris, and interpreted Nixon's decision to retain Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker in Saigon as another sign of a hardening line.

In contrast, the Washington Star's Mary McGrory maintained that while there was joy in Saigon over Lodge's nomination, there was also "stealthy satisfaction among Washington doves." If Nixon were preparing to cut U.S. losses in Viet Nam and settle for less than Lyndon Johnson was willing to concede, she argued, Lodge would be the ideal broker. His past credentials as an unending anti-Communist would help convince American opinion that the U.S. was making the best possible deal.

**Wiggle Watching.** Hanoi was not sure that Lodge would be any more pliable than Averell Harriman—or any less. Reacting with scorn, North Viet Nam's army newspaper Quan Doi Nhan Dan broke out in doggerel: "Which of the two has the more weathered skin? The man going out or the man coming in?" To Quan Doi, Lodge is "doomed to follow in the footsteps of Of Nixon the elephant. And feed on his leavings."

Harriman, a staunch Democrat, had not expected to be asked by Nixon to stay beyond Jan. 20. His deputy, former Under Secretary of Defense Cyrus Vance, will remain in Paris for a month or so to brief Lodge and the No. 2 man, New York Attorney Lawrence E. Walsh, a longtime associate of William Rogers. The delicate business of detecting minuscule wiggles in Hanoi's

line, often signaled by a change in the tense of a single verb, will fall to two eminently competent professionals. They are Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Philip Habib, who was Lodge's political right hand in Saigon, and Marshall Green, who as U.S. ambassador in Indonesia displayed his capacity for low-key, imaginative diplomacy.

**Modern Victory.** For the time being, the U.S. team in Paris can expect continued stonewalling from its South Vietnamese allies, who are stubbornly engaged in what looks to impatient outsiders like puerile bickering over seating arrangements and furniture design. Nonetheless, the Saigon regime has an immensely important point to make in all the wrangling: that it should not recognize the Viet Cong as an equal, which for the South Vietnamese is the crux of the talks. Unremitting delay is also likely to be the Communists' tactic while they attempt to get the measure of their opponents. Indeed, Hanoi won a modest diplomatic victory last week when neutral Sweden announced that it would recognize the North Vietnamese regime. It was the first Western nation to do so—though Britain maintains a consulate in Hanoi.

There were other reasons behind Hanoi's determination to wait and see. Nixon has in fact given nothing away by naming Lodge. The President-elect, who has never concealed his determination to take personal charge of U.S. foreign policy, will serve, in effect, as his own chief bargainer. Nixon is fully cognizant that his No. 1 priority is Viet Nam. Key policies, both at home and abroad, depend upon a speedy settlement of the divisive war that has already claimed 30,644 American lives and drains \$30 billion from the U.S. Treasury each year. Like Lyndon Johnson before him, Nixon will draft his instructions to his spokesman in Paris in minute detail. Like Harriman, Lodge will act strictly in response to his orders from the top.

## DEFENSE

### The New Pentagon Team

The dynastic rivalries among the Army, Navy and Air Force after World War II prompted President Truman to unify the services under a Secretary of Defense. Old Soldier Eisenhower stripped the individual service secretaries of their power to deploy troops. Later, the exigent Robert McNamara took command of all departmental decisions by unifying military-budgetary decisions through the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Last week Richard Nixon's Secretary of Defense, Melvin Laird, introduced his three service secretaries; all fit the pattern of administrator now prescribed for the job.

Laird reappointed Stanley R. Resor, 51, who has been Secretary of the Army since 1965, in order to provide experience and continuity in the upper echelons of Defense. A suave New York lawyer, polished at Groton and Yale, he is the son of the late Stanley B. Resor, the famed advertising man who headed J. Walter Thompson from 1916 to 1961. He came out of World War II a major with silver and bronze stars won in the Battle of the Bulge. A Republican, he has influential friends in both parties. Negotiator Cyrus Vance was his roommate at Yale Law School, and he is extremely close to Nixon Adviser William Scranton. While he displays the McNamara traits of super-efficiency and clipped speech, Resor is known as an artful pacifier of both generals and politicians.

**Slim Chance.** By being named Secretary of the Navy, John H. Chafee has escaped temporary political limbo. Last November, he failed to win a fourth term as Governor of overwhelmingly Democratic Rhode Island, after proposing a state income tax. At that time, his chances of getting a job in the Nixon Administration seemed slim indeed. He had backed George Romney's abortive bid for the presidential nom-



RESOR, LAIRD, SEAMANS & CHAFEE  
*No commitment for life.*

ination. He then switched to Nelson Rockefeller, and finally, at the Miami Beach convention, openly opposed the nomination of Spiro Agnew for Vice President.

Nevertheless, his excellent administrative record placed him high on the appointment list. He has degrees from Yale and Harvard Law, and Navy men will find he retains the ruggedness demonstrated during his days in the Marine Corps, when he fought at Guadalcanal and Okinawa. Chafee, 46, chose the Navy job because he does not have to "commit himself for life," indicating that he is likely to run for office again in Rhode Island. His experience at Defense will not hurt Chafee's tiny state has three major Navy installations, which annually pour some \$174 million in payrolls into its economy.

Unlike the Navy and Army bosses, the Air Force Secretary should ideally be a specialist, firmly grounded in the intricacies of engineering technology. In NASA's former Deputy Administrator Robert C. Seamans Jr., Laird has a skilled executive with firsthand knowledge of the multi-billion-dollar Air Force projects that range from the newest supersonic planes to the manned orbiting laboratory. Before leaving NASA a year ago and returning to a teaching position at M.I.T., he was responsible for everything from budget planning to maintenance of the worldwide system of tracking stations.

One of his last jobs was to determine what caused the tragic Apollo fire in January of 1967. Seamans, 50, earned his Sc.D. at M.I.T. in aeronautical engineering, and for a time was chief engineer of RCA's electronics and controls division. Over the years, his own research projects have included a gunsight for guided missiles and the automatic controls systems for high-speed airplanes. A man who values his leisure and loves New England, he was not eager to go back to Washington's pressures. But Seamans has long been a staunch advocate of aeronautics and space research as a fundamental basis of national power. As Secretary of the Air Force, Seamans will have the chance to push his ideas within the military establishment.

## THE CABINET

### Hickel's Headaches

*You have to understand how a moose thinks. You can't tell a moose to change his habits.*

This observation was made by a Congressman opposed to a plan to open up the flatlands of Alaska's Kenai Moose Range for oil prospecting, an activity that would surely drive the moose into nearby mountains. The remark would not be very important except that it was aimed at Alaska Governor Walter Hickel, 49, who tried last summer to open the oil-rich range to the oil industry. This week Hickel, who is Rich-

ard Nixon's nominee for Secretary of the Interior, comes in for a barrage of questions when he appears for confirmation hearings before the Senate Interior Committee. He has already learned that what is true of Alaska's moose is also true of the critics who have made him a controversial Nixon appointee: You have to understand how a conservationist thinks. You can't tell a conservationist to change his habits.

Hickel's nomination has incensed the nation's conservationists, who instinctively distrust an Interior Secretary with a less than total commitment to preserve what is left of nature in the U.S. Though Hickel is a successful businessman and for the past two years has been a hard-driving and popular Governor of Alaska, he is regarded among conservationists as the archetype of a state that is impatient to tap its latent wealth. There is so much of Alaska for so few Alaskans that they have never seemed to care very much whether some of the state's 586,400 sq. mi. are despoiled in the rush to unlock its treasure chest of oil, metals, timber and fish. In that respect, Hickel, who had acquired more than \$14 million in housing, hotels and natural-gas holdings before his election in 1966, is not notably different in outlook from most of his fellow Alaskans.

**Looking Askance.** As Secretary of the Interior, however, Hickel would be the custodian of 750 million acres of federal lands, forests and national parks—and rank as the nation's chief defender against the land-grabbing giveaways and pollution that have spoiled much of the environment in the past. Yet after his nomination in December, Hickel did not hesitate to say that he found little merit in "conservation for conservation's sake," a remark that created an even bigger furor among lovers of nature than Ronald Reagan caused when he said that seeing one redwood was to see them all. Hickel also remarked that industries might be scared away if the Interior Department's regulations against water pollution were set too high. This immediately evoked fears among conservationists that, as Interior Secretary, Hickel would be lax in enforcing standards that they already consider scandalously inadequate.

The conservationists want the Senate's Interior Committee to question Hickel closely on 14 counts. These range from a natural-gas franchise given one of his companies to charges that, while he was Governor, the state built roads for the benefit of his properties. Hickel's critics complain that he has been far too friendly with Alaska's oil operators to be given the Interior Secretary's wide regulatory powers over the entire \$50 billion petroleum industry. Hickel has also alienated many Northeastern Senators by his opposition to a scheme for cutting fuel costs in New England by permitting imports of foreign oil through a free trade zone at Machiasport, Me. He has, however,



HICKEL

*A can-undo man.*

promised to re-examine his stand on that one.

Then, too, Hickel's critics look askance at the Governor's fight against a ruling by outgoing Interior Secretary Stewart Udall blocking title to 262 million acres of federal rangeland that Alaska had earmarked as its own as part of a 1958 statehood land grant. Udall has insisted on holding the ranges in escrow until there is a settlement of claims by Alaska's 55,000 Indians, Aleuts and Eskimos, who argue that the land was originally theirs. Oil companies covet leases to 58 million of the disputed acres that are part of the Arctic North Slope field, the largest known pool of oil in the U.S. (reserves estimated at well over 5 billion bbl.). After Nixon named him to the Cabinet, Hickel promised: "What Udall can do by executive order, I can undo."

**Some Heat.** Many influential conservation groups, among them the Sierra Club, are waiting to learn more of Hickel's views before taking a stand on his appointment. So are conservationist members of the Senate Interior Committee: Democrats Walter Mondale of Minnesota, William Proxmire and Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin, South Dakota's George McGovern and Lee Metcalf of Montana.

There is little likelihood that the Senate will refuse to confirm Hickel when it interrogates him. In U.S. history, only eight Cabinet nominees have been turned down, and Senators have never rejected an incoming President's first choices. Still, Hickel can look forward to some heat. "It'll be good for him," said a member of Nixon's staff. "The trouble with Wally," said another Nixon man, "is that he's never thought about a thing but Alaska." If nothing more, the Senate's hearings should considerably expand Hickel's perspectives.

## INVESTIGATIONS

### A Youthful Blast

"Do you have any ego problems?" asked Ralph Nader. "Can you interview aggressively?" If the answers satisfied Nader, the consumer crusader who has challenged such industrial giants as the auto industry and the meat packers, the applicant was accepted. He was then authorized to go forth and do unpaid battle with the powerful, the lethargic and the secretive amid Washington's vast bureaucracy. Seven young volunteers, law students and lawyers from Ivy League colleges, spent their

protecting the consumers than in defending the companies back home. The report blamed the agency's shortcomings on its effusive, arm-waving chairman, Paul Rand Dixon, 55, a onetime aide to the late Democratic Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee. It called for the chairman to "resign from the agency that he has so degraded and ossified." Among other things, it accused him of "cronyism"—of nearly 500 FIC lawyers, it says, only 40 are Republicans—and until recently of dunning employees to raise funds for the Democratic Party. To ensure staff loyalty, said the report, Dixon ignores "alcoholism, spectacular lassitude and incompetence by the most modest standards." At one point, two team members found an FIC attorney asleep with a newspaper covering his head. "They woke him up," the report said, "and he walked to his desk, where he propped his chin up with his hands. His yearly salary is \$22,695." Other office workers across the U.S. may well wonder whether a catnap of this sort is really all that outrageous.

While many of the Nader group's charges were justified, the report's effectiveness was often diminished by overstatement and an intemperate tone. Suggesting an anti-business bias, the report called the dishonesty of companies "far more damaging to contemporary America than all the depredations of street crime." Though anything but objective, the report drew support last week from an unexpected source. The trade journal *Advertising Age* joined the Nader team in knocking the commission's foot dragging: "No community is well served," it editorialized, "if its fire department habitually reaches the scene after the last spark has been extinguished."

After a meeting last week, Dixon put his arm around the shoulders of an aide and spoke of the time when, he hoped, all the nastiness would subside. That time may be rapidly approaching. As a controversial political appointee, Democrat Dixon is in a vulnerable position with the Republicans taking the reins.

shown to us that we are going to have more of the same."<sup>\*</sup>

Refusing to dismiss Bailey's act as a symbolic nose-thumbing by a disgruntled right-winger, two Democrats last week challenged the wayward Republican's vote. Maine's Senator Edmund Muskie, the defeated vice-presidential nominee, and Michigan Representative James O'Hara invoked an 1887 statute under which a majority of both houses may reject any vote by an elector that has not been "regularly given." The motion was soundly defeated, but the two Democrats believe that they have made a point. Said Muskie: "I hope that the consequences of Congress' action are understood by all Americans—and by Congress itself."

The reason for their unusual act was not, of course, to gain another superfluous electoral vote for Richard Nixon. In the last election, the fear was that George Wallace would deprive both the other candidates of an electoral majority, leaving him free to decide a winner by bargaining with his votes. By challenging Bailey's vote, O'Hara and Muskie hoped, in the latter's words, to "underscore the necessity for a complete reform of the system by constitutional amendment."

**For Abolition.** Millions of U.S. voters are disfranchised every four years by the college's winner-take-all system, and they are plainly eager for a change. A Louis Harris poll showed 79% of Americans in favor of abolishing the college and providing for direct election of the President; Gallup found 81% in favor of direct elections.

Ten reform resolutions have been introduced since the 91st Congress convened. One, by Louisiana Democrat Hale Boggs, which retains the state electoral votes but disbands the college itself, provides for automatic election of any candidate receiving 40% of the electoral vote. If none gets that percentage, there would be a runoff election between the two leading candidates. A more realistic approach to the problem is offered in the Senate by Indiana Democrat Birch Bayh, who says there is "no more pressing business facing the nation," is pushing for the total abolition of the Electoral College system. Presidential elections would be decided by popular vote only. Whether any of the resolutions succeeds or not depends on the support of Richard Nixon. Predicts Senate Judiciary Chairman James O. Eastland: "If the next President pushes electoral reform, we'll get it."

<sup>\*</sup> Bailey is the sixth elector in U.S. history to defy his party. The others: Pennsylvania Samuel Miles, chosen as a Federalist, voted for Thomas Jefferson rather than John Adams in 1796; former Senator William Plumer of New Hampshire voted for John Quincy Adams rather than James Monroe, 1820; Preston Parks of Tennessee voted for Strom Thurmond instead of Harry Truman, 1948; W. F. Turner of Alabama voted for a circuit judge instead of Adlai Stevenson, 1956; Henry D. Irwin of Oklahoma ignored his pledge to Nixon and voted for Virginia Senator Harry Byrd, 1960.



NADER & HIS INVESTIGATORS\*  
Wake-up time at the FTC.

summer examining how well the Federal Trade Commission does its job of protecting the customer. Their 185-page report, released last week, mixes verbal assassination with hard-to-fault criticism of the inadequately staffed and overcommiserate agency.

**Unexpected Support.** "Nader's Neophytes" (TIME, Sept. 13), who were given access to the FTC's personnel and records, found the commission riddled with politics and patronage. Employees tend to be unduly compliant with the wishes of individual Congressmen, who are sometimes much less interested in

## THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE Reminder for Reform

They could scarcely have known it at the time, but 48,245 North Carolinians who voted for the Republican ticket on Nov. 5 wound up casting their ballots for George Wallace instead. This switch was decided for them by Dr. Lloyd W. Bailey, a physician from Rocky Mount and one of 13 electors chosen by the state's voters to reflect their choice. By tradition, all the electoral votes should have gone automatically to Richard Nixon as winner of a plurality of the state's popular vote. Rather than ratify the Republican victory, however, Bailey, a loyal John Birch, handed over one-thirteenth of the total votes to Wallace, because, as he put it: "Nixon has already clearly

<sup>\*</sup> In front of FTC headquarters in Washington. The 15-foot-high statue, says Sculptor Michael Lantz, symbolizes man's ability to harness power.



## DEMOCRATS

### McCarthy in Limbo

For a short time, he had seemed to stand near the focal point of American political life, but now Senator Eugene McCarthy is seeking the periphery. Since his defeat at the Democratic Convention last summer, intimates have sensed in him a deep desire to retreat almost entirely from public prominence. His support of Russell Long over Ted Kennedy for the post of Democratic whip amazed and angered many of his followers. But at least that move could be explained in personal and political terms: McCarthy holds no love for the Kennedys, and he was indebted to Long for past favors. Last week McCarthy wandered even further afield, puzzling friends and foes alike.

Abruptly, the erstwhile peace candidate announced that he was resigning his membership on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to allow the seating of Wyoming's Gale McGee, one of the Senate's most consistent hawks on the Viet Nam War. The move came on the heels of a Senate reorganization that pared down the number of committee members from 19 to 15.

**Act of Magnanimity.** When the committee stood at 19 members (twelve Democrats, seven Republicans), McGee was the next Democrat in line for membership. However, the reduction left room only for those Democrats already seated. Thus before McCarthy resigned, McGee seemed to be shut out. This could have been what Chairman William Fulbright, a leading dove, had intended when he pushed for the reduction, although his stated reason was to improve the efficiency of an unwieldy committee. Perhaps no one was more amazed than McGee himself, who blurted: "I'm flabbergasted."

McCarthy's explanation for his decision was vague to the point of vacuity. Describing his move as an act of "magnanimity and benignity," McCarthy said he had stepped down so that the Democrats could "honor their commitment" to seat McGee and still reduce the size of the committee. He added: "Since the committee is not a legislative committee but one which should be an instrument by which the Senate can influence the policy of the Administration, it can be, I believe, much more effective if it is small in size."

**Not So Clean.** If the move started his colleagues on Capitol Hill, it was sure to have even a more galvanic effect on the nation's campuses, where until recently, McCarthy had enjoyed almost deified status. In an editorial entitled "Not So Clean," the Harvard Crimson said the resignation "served to strengthen the impression held in not a few quarters that McCarthy has gone over the political deep end."

At week's end McCarthy lent credence to that assessment by choosing an assignment to the Government Operations Committee. A relatively lowly panel, Operations nevertheless has



EUGENE MCCARTHY

*A puzzle to friends and foes.*

achieved a great deal of publicity under such diverse chairmen as the late Joseph McCarthy and the present John McClellan. Why Government Operations for Eugene McCarthy? As cryptic as ever, he rejoined: "If the medium is the message, as McLuhan says, then, extending it to Congress, the operation is the policy."

## AVIATION

### Instrument Misguidance?

Of ten airplane mishaps presently under investigation by the National Transportation Safety Board, no fewer than six involve liners that crashed on approach to an airport. That is a considerably higher figure than the worldwide incidence rate of 47%, and it has caused fresh alarm on the part of air

safety experts about the adequacy of instrument-landing equipment at U.S. airports. Bad weather—or weather that required instrument landings—was a factor in at least four of the six approach crashes, and safety experts point out that less than a third of the nation's 623 commercial airports have full instrument-landing systems (ILS).

Most airports are only equipped with a navigation and approach system called VOR-DME (for very high frequency, omnirange, distance-measuring equipment), which guides a plane into the traffic pattern. But it is the final letdown through fog or rain that produces the tensest moments for pilot and crew. Then more than VOR-DME is needed. The Air Force relies on a system called PAR (for precision-approach radar). Because it places decision making in the hands of the ground controller, it is not popular with airline captains. In the past 14 months, PAR systems have been abandoned by 14 major civilian airports.

In the past month, two Allegheny Airline Convair 580 turboprops crashed at the Bradford Regional Airport in northern Pennsylvania. Both were approaching the field in similar snowstorms, using the VOR-DME instrument technique. At FAA urging, Allegheny has just raised the level of minimal weather conditions for VOR-DME approaches to a ceiling of 1,000 ft. and visibility of three miles. As in the other approach cases, the board has not yet established a direct connection between the crash and the instrument system either aboard the plane or on the ground. However, at week's end, the Air Line Pilots' Association issued a statement contending that "lack of up-to-date navigation and landing aids has contributed to many of the accidents occurring in the proximity of the airline airports."

Another—and increasingly serious—hazard to air travel continued to plague airlines last week when four planes were hijacked to Cuba within as many days. Two of last week's incidents involved foreign airlines: An Avianca DC-4 captured on a local flight and a Peruvian National Airlines Convair 990 Fan jet en route to Miami. The third was an Eastern Electra taken over on a run from Miami to Nassau. Finally, late Saturday, a United Airlines Boeing 727 carrying 20 people was hijacked on a flight from Jacksonville to Miami.

Though no injuries or deaths have yet occurred as a result of the hijackings, airline and Government officials are convinced that tragedy is only a matter of time if skyjack fever continues. They are equally convinced that the only effective deterrent is to make examples of captured hijackers, who face a possible death sentence under federal law. That, in turn, is not possible until Cuba agrees to extradite offenders—something it has so far refused to do. The International Federation of Airline Pilots has under discussion a proposal to boycott flights into countries that refuse to sign extradition agreements.



GALE MCGEE

*A surprise for a hawk.*

## TRIALS

### Behind Steel Doors

The frail young man in the grey suit, blue shirt and dark tie rocks slightly in the big leather swivel chair. Occasionally he throws a salute to his grey-faced mother Mary and two brothers, Munir and Adel. The windows of the courtroom are sealed with quarter-inch steel armor plate, and the lighting overhead accentuates his dark stubble, arching cheek bones and deep-set eyes. As the arguments swing back and forth before him, he smiles hopefully when his side wins a point, frowns when the opposition scores. For Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, the 24-year-old Jordanian immigrant, the trial that began last week will determine whether he was, as charged, the assassin who gunned down Senator Robert Kennedy in a pantry of Los Angeles' Ambassador Hotel. If found guilty of first-degree murder, he could die in the gas chamber or spend the remainder of his days in a prison cell.

As they have since that tragic summer night, the Los Angeles authorities are going to extraordinary extremes to make certain that their city does not be-



SIRHAN

*A classic of criminal jurisprudence.*

come another Dallas. Only 75 witnesses, sheriffs and newsmen are allowed in the 8th floor courtroom of the Hall of Justice. Others must watch the proceedings on closed-circuit TV four floors below.

After showing a seat pass, reporters going to the courtroom are ushered by

helmeted deputies to two successive steel doors, each manned by a deputy, who peers through a wire-glass window. Pockets must be emptied, purses checked. Handkerchiefs are shaken, contact-lens fluid sniffed, ballpoint pen cartridges removed and examined. Everyone is frisked, and then a deputy passes a metal-detecting device over each person. The deputies themselves are scrupulously searched before every session.

**Textbook Study.** From the opening day, it was clear that the trial would be a classic of criminal jurisprudence. Sirhan attracted three of the country's most successful lawyers: Los Angeles' Grant B. Cooper and Russell E. Parsons, New Yorker Emile Zola Berman (see box). The prosecution's three-man team is led by Chief Deputy District Attorney Lynn "Buck" Compton, former U.C.L.A. football star and World War II hero. Presiding is Superior Court Judge Herbert V. Walker, 69, who plans to retire in July. During the course of the first three days, the defense's tactics were clearly displayed. These were to lay groundwork for an eventual appeal and to try for a further postponement. Judge Walker noted that the trial had al-

## Priceless Defenders

**I**N June 1967, Grant B. Cooper flew to Danang to win acquittal for a Marine sergeant charged with murdering a Vietnamese civilian. The boy's parents paid his fee, but the grizzled lawyer picked up the air fare. When somebody asked him why he went all the way to a battle zone halfway round the world, Cooper replied: "I've never defended a man in a military court before." Most probably he took on the Sirhan case—without pay—because he had never defended an accused assassin before.

Born in New York City in 1903, Cooper decided in high school that he had had enough education. He made his way to California as an engine-room wiper on a tanker. He went to work for an uncle's law firm in Los Angeles, studying at night, and in 1927 passed the bar exam. Cooper built a thriving law firm. He defended Dr. Bernard Finch who, with his mistress Carole Tregoff, killed Finch's wife. Two juries were deadlocked and three trials held before Finch and Tregoff were convicted. They were saved from the gas chamber, and connoisseurs of courtroom melodrama still recall the lawyer's re-enactment of Finch's supposed struggle to get the gun from his wife before—as he claimed—she shot herself.

While Cooper handles the day-to-day presentation of Sirhan's defense, Russell E. Parsons will be preparing witnesses and planning appeals, which are his specialty. His most famous was in the 1955 case of *People v. Cahan*, which involved a bookmaker whose Hollywood apartment was hugged by police. Parsons claimed that law-enforcement agencies had thus electronically crossed Cahan's threshold. His argument successfully established the California law that evidence illegally obtained is inadmissible in a criminal case.

Oldest member of the Sirhan defense team, at 73, Parsons won his law degree at the University of Southern California. In 1935, he defended a murderer named "Rattlesnake" James, who tried to kill his wife by holding her foot in a box full of rattlesnakes. To play it safe, James dispatched her by drowning. Parsons managed to keep his client alive for seven years after conviction in a day when appeals were hard to come by. As for his defense of Sirhan: "It won't be the first time I've defended someone

free," he says. "There's a poor devil in trouble, and that's enough for me."

The third member of the team, **Emile Zola Berman**, was once described by an associate as a "marvelously warm person" who looks like "a living version of Ichabod Crane." Last week he spotted Mary Sirhan shyly working her way through the reporters in the courtroom. Berman bowed gracefully and kissed Mrs. Sirhan's hand—a gesture for which she was obviously unprepared. Nor was her son prepared to be defended by a Jew for a crime he allegedly committed because of his victim's pro-Israeli campaign oratory.

A celebrated New York negligence lawyer, he traveled several years ago to Louisiana to save the life of Camille Cravelle, a Negro charged with "aggravated rape" of a white woman. Berman argued before an all-white jury in a segregated courtroom, finally came out of the capital case with a three-year sentence for his client—later reduced to 18 months. In 1956, he made headlines with his defense of Marine Staff Sergeant Matthew McKeon, who faced a six-year term for ordering a march on Parris Island that resulted in the drowning of six recruits. Berman got the drill instructor off with only light punishment.

Berman, 66, was born on Manhattan's Lower East Side of romantically minded parents. He is fond of saying that "you could never survive in that neighborhood with a name like Emile Zola"—hence he is nicknamed "Zook." After getting a law degree from New York University and practicing in Manhattan, Berman flew bombers in the China-Burma-India theater during World War II as part of "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell's personal wing. He was discharged with the Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal and Bronze Star.

Berman is chief trial lawyer in a New York firm, and has lectured at more than 30 law schools around the country. At a convention of trial lawyers last summer, Cooper tapped him for the Sirhan team. He has his hotel and expenses covered but gets no fee. He will give the opening statement for the defense, a ritual at which he is particularly gifted, and will probably handle the medical witnesses.

ready been continued four times, and he denied a series of intricate defense motions.

When the trial finally gets beyond the preliminaries, the prosecution is expected to lead off with a long line of witnesses to prove first-degree murder. Among them: Karl Eucker, the Ambassador's assistant maitre d'hôtel, who was shaking Kennedy's hand at the moment he was shot and was the first to grab Sirhan. He had described the shooting to the grand jury as "very deliberate." Two of Kennedy's companions, former I.A. Ram Lineman Roosevelt Grier, who wrestled with Sirhan, and Decathlon Champion Rafer Johnson, who knocked the pistol from his grasp, should be on hand, as well as Author George Plimpton, who also joined in the fray. When the time comes for them to recall their movements, the prosecution will produce a scale model of the pantry, with warming tables, tray stackers and an ice machine. To establish premeditation and deliberation, the prosecution is likely to call the two men who say they saw Sirhan shooting a pistol at a target range on the afternoon before the murder.

For its part, the defense plans to put Sirhan on the witness stand. It will try to convince the jury that even if their client did shoot Kennedy, he bore "a diminished responsibility" for the act. Explains Defense Attorney Russell Parsons: "We ask: Can a man maturely and meaningfully premeditate? If the answer is no, what might otherwise have been first-degree murder could be instead second-degree." Toward this end, the defense will probably call Sirhan's former employer, Food-Store Owner John Weidner, who worried about Sirhan's irrational temper. Sirhan's mother and brothers are expected to claim that his personality deteriorated after he fell from a horse and landed on his head while working on a ranch two years before the murder.

**His Own Battle.** To the complicated, often oblique strategy of the defense—much of it in the privacy of the judge's chambers—yet another twist was added. With his client safely locked away in his windowless, heavily guarded cell on the 13th floor, Attorney Cooper himself was facing a grand-jury investigation at the federal courthouse across the street. While representing a client in a sensational card-cheating trial, Cooper illegally obtained a secret federal grand-jury transcript. Admitting that he had lied in court about how he got the transcript, Cooper refused to divulge his source on the ground that he would violate the attorney-client relationship.

Claiming that publicity of his troubles might adversely affect his client, Cooper attempted to get the Sirhan trial postponed until he cleared up his own case, but was overruled by Judge Walker. Cooper is expected to stay on as Sirhan's chief counsel, relegating his personal crisis to off-hours. Even so, it seemed unlikely that the trial could be concluded in less than two months.

## THE JOHNSON YEARS

**N**OTHING was beyond his desire.

He wanted to be unifier and savior, uplifter of the poor at home and father of democracy in Asia. He yearned to be a latter-day Lincoln to the blacks, to outshine F.D.R.'s memory among reformers, to surpass Truman's humane but hardheaded foreign-policy record, to evoke the affection accorded Eisenhower. Above all, Lyndon Johnson ached for the trust of today's voters and the respect of tomorrow's scholars.

Now, with so many of his glittering hopes broken, Johnson makes his farewells, grinds through the last budget, the final State of the Union message. He gleams what satisfaction he can by recalling victories in Congress, his associations spanning three decades, his joy over the last moon shot. String music, champagne and nostalgia warm the waning days. "I love Washington," he said last week. "I love this capital."

Without doubt, he would have loved another four years in power. A second full term would have given him a total of nine years in office, more than any other President except Franklin Roosevelt. "More" was his byword. And more time in office would have given him the opportunity to get the nation out of Viet Nam.

**Scared Belly.** The war consumed the nation's resources and its leaders' attention. Midway through Johnson's Administration, it aroused a horde of critics from among those who favored his other policies, if not the man himself: the young, the black, the intellectuals and those whom Historian Eric Goldman calls metro-Americans—the educated, affluent, growing middle class to whom the Alamo psychology is as alien as a President who thrusts his operation-scared belly at the public.

But it was not just the war or his occasional crudities that soured the promising Johnson years. Horace Busby, Johnson's friend and a perceptive former aide, pointed out recently that social changes now come so rapidly that they outstrip the ability to comprehend them, let alone cope with them. Occasionally, Johnson's shrewd mind did grasp the moment and the need. When, after Selma, he went before Congress to vow "We shall overcome," he was genuinely moving. And some of the innovative programs he began, such as Headstart, testified to his willingness to seek new solutions. Yet all too often he answered the call of the '60s with the responses of the '30s. He too readily fell back on "Molly and the babies," on the you-never-had-it-so-good rubric. To be sure, most Americans had never had it so good. But now they wanted it better and different.

The nation needed to be engaged. It needed a personality that it could warm to and trust. Instead, it got a preacher and teacher who measured accomplishment in statistics that were irrelevant to the haves and incomprehensible to the

have-nots. And as opposition became increasingly strident, Johnson reverted more and more to the defensive, secretive, untrusting and, in return, untrusted.

Thus the man who sought to govern by consensus could not even hold together his own party. The politician who attempted—with much success—to complete the unfinished business of the New Deal ended by presiding over a nation beset by class and racial ten-



SAYING GOODBYE TO CONGRESS  
Strings, champagne, nostalgia.

sion. The President elected in 1964 by the largest popular majority in history had to admit that the interests of peace and national unity would best be served by his renunciation of power.

**Uneven Efficacy.** Yet by one traditional gauge—the enactment of major legislation—the Johnson Administration was conspicuously successful. Medicare and federal aid to education broke through longstanding barriers. Three far-reaching civil rights acts went beyond anything since Reconstruction. A series of laws aimed at slum renovation and consumer protection were progressive and long overdue. The various anti-poverty programs, while uneven in efficacy and wisdom, were the beginning of a necessary break with the dole approach. In the foreign field, the continuing torment of Viet Nam overshadowed significant accomplishments. Most notable were agreements with the Russians and the beginning of the process that could lead to realistic arms control. The Glassboro summit with Aleksei Kosygin helped start this movement.

But the record, both domestic and for-

eign, is curiously unsatisfying and even misleading, despite the piles of bills and billions for good causes. Indeed, Johnson enjoyed two periods of Congressional bliss within 14 months—immediately after John Kennedy's assassination and then after L.B.J.'s 1964 victory over Barry Goldwater. In the 1960s, however, the measurement of success in box scores was not enough. If the New Politics has any validity, it is that the politician needs continuing mass support, in election year and out. Johnson had earned his reputation and learned his trade in closet politics, in the one-party Texas of another era and the cloister of Capitol Hill. He had

GENE PRATT



THE FAMOUS OPERATION SCAR

speech, was gone from the White House.

Many of the other keen, questing intellectuals also left. Johnson was always a man who took public issues personally; dissent of any kind became increasingly intolerable to him. With many intellectuals in loud and often unreasonable opposition, his old feelings of insecurity and inferiority about his rural background and mediocre education became more pronounced.

In the narrow sense, Lyndon Johnson could function superlatively under stress. He could rap out hard decisions, maneuver in delicate foreign squabbles, intervene effectively in complex labor disputes. But in the less tangible sphere of

WALTER TERRELL



WITH KOSYGIN AT GLASSBORO

Mistaking happenstance for affection.

scant preparation for the larger, less orderly world of national politics.

Early in his tenure, this lack mattered little. After Kennedy's murder, the country needed a figure to rally round. Then it needed a responsible alternative to Goldwater. Johnson mistook happenstance for deep, wide support and even for the affection he craved. "I'm sure glad," he would say in those days, "we got rid of that image that nobody likes Lyndon."

He sensed the need to inspire, the opportunity for grand works, and he tried. "Somewhere we must ignite a fire in the breast of this land, a flaming spirit of adventure that really demands greatness," he said after a few months in office. Yet his matches often flickered out. He went to Ann Arbor that first spring as President to proclaim the Great Society, to challenge the nation to use its "wealth to enrich and elevate our national life, and to advance the quality of our American civilization." A few years later, the Great Society was gone from the presidential vocabulary and Richard Goodwin, who had written the

sustaining the nation's confidence, understanding the drift of opinion, coping with articulate critics, Johnson was all too vulnerable.

The President has a far more effective podium than any band of writers and academics, but Johnson rarely used it to good effect when the Viet Nam debate became virulent, or when the nation became confused and distressed over racial unrest. He might have survived the assault if he had earlier amassed a reservoir of popular confidence. This he had never really done. He tried to come across as the protean President, large in heart and body and energy, but that aura was not consonant with all-too-accurate stories of his pettiness, his bullying of aides, his unnecessary deceptions. His lack of candor about Viet Nam and about less substantial issues became chronic.

Nor were his hyperbolic promises persuasive for very long. In his first State of the Union address, he promised "all-out war on poverty," plus "more homes and more schools and more libraries and more hospitals." The clincher: "All

this and more can be done without any increase in spending. It can be done by this summer." Last week Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman told Congress that another \$1 billion was needed to feed the millions of people still so poor that they are literally going hungry.

Even in 1966, Johnson was still promising to fight vigorously on both the war and home fronts. Perhaps it could have been done. By then, however, Johnson was running out of political credit. Crime and violence were becoming national issues. The antipoverty program, already suffering grave administrative problems, was held down. Appropriations for other domestic activities also had to be checked. Congress became increasingly intransigent. The Republican gains in the 1966 congressional election ended any possibility that Johnson could fulfill his earlier goals.

After ghetto rioting and Negro militance began to turn popular opinion against the black cause, Johnson's response was uncertain. He continued to fight for civil rights legislation, and his successes will be a durable monument to the will of a Southerner who had earlier been less than zealous on the Negro's behalf. Still, in 1967, when Hubert Humphrey urged a "Marshall plan" for impoverished areas following the Detroit riots, Johnson quashed that kind of talk. And when the Kerner Commission last year made ambitious recommendations for helping the Negro—findings that could easily have been mistaken for earlier Johnsonian rhetoric—the President pouted in silence, apparently construing his own commission's work as a reproach to himself.

**Whisky and Progress.** Lately Johnson has taken to saying privately that progress is like whisky. "It is good, but if you drink too much it comes up on you." He obviously believes that he gave the nation as much as it could hold for now. He is anguished that there has been no breakthrough in the Paris negotiations, but thinks he did all any President could to bring peace while defending U.S. interests.

Debate will go on about him even in the unlikely event that he never writes or speaks another sentence. For the short term, the verdict is likely to be harsh. Over a longer period, his prospects are better. It may be several years before the final results of the Viet Nam war are clear. Some of his domestic programs may set patterns for the future. His personality flaws, like those of some of his predecessors, will seem less significant a decade hence. Johnson, at least, is confident of history's favorable verdict, and will spend his remaining years buttressing his record. He talks of the personal papers that are flowing to Texas by the truckload. "I've got 31 million pages of material," he says, "more than any President in history." To the last, Johnson deals in superlatives. "People will look back on these five years as some of the most important in the nation's history," he insists. Of that, at least, there can be little doubt.



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We invented it.



## ARE THE WASPS COMING BACK? HAVE THEY EVER BEEN AWAY?

IT is a low-key intuition, not spiteful or malicious, but pervasive: in the minds of most Americans the incoming Nixon Administration seems to represent the comeback of the Wasp; the white Anglo-Saxon Protestant. True enough, the new President's Cabinet, with three Roman Catholics, is statistically no more Waspish than most in recent decades, even though it stirred comment for including no Negro or Jew. But people sense about Nixon's appointments, and his style, a tone of reassuring Wasp respectability and good manners. The forces that elected Nixon—those who most avidly supported him—are Wasp to the core; the "ethnic blocs" voted for Humphrey. With Nixon's accession, noted Norman Mailer, it is "possible, even likely, even necessary that the Wasp enter the center of our history again."

Exactly who it is that will take over the center is a problem of definition. Wasps are not so easily characterized as other ethnic groups. The term itself can be merely descriptive or mildly offensive, depending on the user and the hearer; at any rate, it has become part of the American idiom. In one sense, it is redundant: since all Anglo-Saxons are white, the word could be Asp. Purists like to confine Wasps to descendants of the British Isles; less exacting analysts are willing to throw in Scandinavians, Netherlanders and Germans. At the narrowest, Wasps form a select band of well-heeled, well-descended members of the Eastern Establishment; at the widest, they include Okies and Snopeses, "Holy Rollers" and hillbillies. Wasps range from McGeorge Bundy and Penelope Tree to William Sloane Coffin Jr. and Phyllis Diller. Generously defined, Wasps constitute about 55% of the U.S. population, and they have in common what Columnist Russell Baker calls a "ease of majority inferiority."

## A Quiet Retreat

Sometimes Wasps are treated like a species under examination before it becomes extinct. At the convocation of intellectuals in Princeton last month, Edward Shils, professor of social thought at the University of Chicago, announced: "The Wasp has abdicated, and his place has been taken by ants and fleas. The Wasp is less rough and far more permissive. He lacks self-confidence and feels lost." Other observers feel that the growing dissension in American life is a clear sign that the Wasp has lost his sting, that his culture no longer binds. The new radicals and protesters are not in rebellion against Wasp rule as such, but they deride the Wasp's traditional values, including devotion to duty and hard work.

Although it is possible to exaggerate the decline of the Wasp, who has never really left the center of U.S. power, he is indisputably in an historical retreat. The big change came with the waves of migration from Europe in the 19th century, when many of his citadels—the big cities—were wrested from his political control. In a quiet fallback, the Wasps founded gilded ghettos—schools and suburbs, country clubs and summer colonies.

Lately, the non-Wasps have pursued them even there. A

few years ago, Grosse Pointe, a Wasp suburb of Detroit, was notorious for rating prospective homeowners by a point system based on personal characteristics: Jews, Italians and "swarthy" persons almost invariably got so few points that they could not buy houses. Now all that has been abandoned, and Grosse Pointe has many Roman Catholic and Jewish residents. Downtown private clubs remain bastions of Wasp exclusiveness, but doors are opening. One recent example: Jews gained admission to the Kansas City Club in Kansas City, Mo., after an uproar over exclusionary policies; a rumor got out that the Atomic Energy Commission refused to locate a plant in the city because of private-club discrimination.

Non-Wasp groups are far better represented in Ivy League schools than they used to be: Jews, for instance, constitute about 25% of the student bodies. So traditional an Episcopal prep school as Groton now includes some 25 Roman Catholics, a dozen Negroes and three Jews. Jews stand out sharply in the nation's intellectual life, and Jewish novelists are beginning to overtake the fertile Wasp talent. Scarcely a single Wasp is a culture hero to today's youth; more likely he is the bad guy on the TV program, where names like Jones and Brown have replaced the Giovannis and O'Shaughnessys. The banker who made Skull and Bones is no model for undergraduates, writes Sociologist Nathan Glazer in *FORUM*. "Indeed, often the snobberies run the other way—the white Anglo-Saxon Protestant, generally from a small town or an older and duller suburb, is likely to envy the big-city and culturally sophisticated Jewish students."

Proper Wasps still rule in tight little enclaves of high society that are rarely cracked by newcomers. Yet anyone with a will—and money—can find a way to outflank Wasp society, which is often haunted by a sense of anachronism. Such is the hostility to the Veiled Prophet parade, an annual Wasp event in St. Louis, that the queen and her maids of honor last year had to be covered with a plastic sheet to protect them from missiles tossed from the crowd.

## A Certain Security

But the Wasp retreat has by no means gone so far as to destroy his basic power—particularly strong in business and finance, considerable in politics, battered but tenacious in the social and moral field. Irishmen, Italians and Jews may have established themselves in construction, retailing, entertainment, electronics and light manufacturing, but big business and big banks belong to the Wasp. Almost 90% of the directors of the 50 largest corporations are Wasps. Similarly, about 80% of the directors of the ten largest banks are Wasps.

Wasps dominate the governing bodies of the richest universities in a ratio of four to one. More than four-fifths of the directors of the largest foundations are Wasps; of the 37 officers and directors of the Council on Foreign Relations, only one is non-Wasp. Under pressure of law and of the meritocratic "cult of performance," Wall Street



McCLOY

TREE

BUNDY

DILLER

COFFIN

WALLACE

law firms and brokerage houses are making room for more Jews and Catholics, but they are still overwhelmingly WASP-controlled.

The Federal Government has always been the domain of the Wasp. Until John Kennedy, every U.S. President was a Wasp, and so was every Vice President except Charles Curtis (1929-33), who was the son of an Indian. Last fall's candidates, Nixon, Hubert Humphrey and George Wallace, were quite predictably Wasps. Although the civil service has been a traditional path of advancement for non-Wasps (half of Post Office workers in the large cities are Negroes), the prestigious departments, such as State, are still run by Wasps. Congress is a Wasp stronghold: the newly elected one consists of 109 Catholics, 19 Jews, 10 Negroes, 3 Greek Orthodox, 4 Orientals and almost 400 Wasps. Committee chairmanships are largely in the hands of Wasps. Enlisted men in the armed services are an ethnic mix, but the officers are heavily Wasp. Even in the cities they no longer control politically—Chicago or Cleveland—Wasps have much behind-the-scenes power. In several cities, Wasp business leaders have mobilized to aid the blacks, including the militants in the ghettos. Other ethnic politicians fear the erosion of their own power as the result of Wasp-Negro deals.

### A Divided Majority

As for the Wasp's moral authority, it is clearly waning, but he still has an inimitable asset, the inner security inherited from his Protestant background and his expansive American experience. "If you are a Wasp, you have the confidence that the Establishment is yours and that you are on the top," says Novelist Herbert Gold. "There is the feeling that the love of a horsey woman comes to you as a birthright." Hollywood may be filled mainly with non-Wasps, but they still usually take Wasp names and act out Wasp fantasies in films. In Jewish novels, the central character is often driven to live a Wasp-like life. Herzog finds his ultimate solace in a little bit of land he owns in the Berkshires: "symbol of his Jewish struggle for a solid footing in white Anglo-Saxon Protestant America."

Wasp power is obscured by the divisions natural to a majority, which keep Wasps from coalescing into the kind of cohesive blocs that other groups have formed. The Republican Party is preeminently Wasp; yet it has been rent for generations by deep-seated disagreements. Norman Mailer characterized the alienated delegates lusting for liberal blood at the 1964 convention. In a typical Mailer caricature, he evoked a "Wasp Mafia where the grapes of wrath were stored. Not for nothing did the white Anglo-Saxon Protestants have a five-year subscription to *Reader's Digest* and *National Geographic*, high colonies and arthritis, silver-rimmed spectacles, punched-out bellies and that air of controlled schizophrenia which is the merit badge for having spent one's life on Main Street. Indeed, there was agreement that the war was between Main Street and Wall Street."

To some extent, Wasps are presiding over the dissolution of their own dominion, and they are proud of it. In a book he wrote four years ago, *The Protestant Establishment*, Sociologist E. Digby Baltzell criticized upper-class Wasps for establishing a caste system in many places. Today, he gives

them credit for being neither "arrogant nor insensitive. They are the least prejudiced people as far as intermarriage is concerned. Catholics are much more prejudiced and Jews are the worst of all." The great assimilating Presidents of this century—the two Roosevelts—were quintessential Wasps.

The well-bred Wasp who rebels against the snobishness and starchiness of his background is an almost classic figure in American life. Prominent Wasp families have contributed to the ranks of the current youthful revolutionaries.

Ultimately, Waspism may be more a state of mind, a pattern of behavior, than a rigid ethnic type. Some non-Wasps display all the characteristics normally associated with the most purebred Wasps. Consciously or not, they are Waspirants. Many people were surprised to learn that Edmund Muskie, who talked and looked like a Down East Yankee, was actually of Polish descent. Edward Brooke, who was successfully promoted for the U.S. Senate by civic-spirited Wasps, has all the attributes of a well-bred Wasp, as does Whitney Young Jr. One doesn't have to be white, Anglo-Saxon and Protestant to be a Wasp in spirit. The Wasp aura is created by the right education, style, social position, genealogy, achievement, wealth, profession, influence or politics.

Thus Roman Catholics like William Buckley, Sargent Shriver and Ted Kennedy are pushed toward Waspdom by their associations, professions and life styles. Though German Jewish, Walter Lippmann is still a Waspirant. His clubs (Metropolitan, Cosmos, River) and his influence on opinion give him undeniable Wasp power. Wall Street Dynasts John Schiff and John Loeb may qualify, if they want, as honorary Wasps. So may Walt Whitman Rostow, who has been a top aide of Lyndon Johnson and beats most Wasps at tennis.

"The perfect candidate," wrote Harvard Professors Edward Banfield and James Wilson, "is of Jewish, Polish, Italian or Irish extraction and has the speech, dress, manners and the public virtues—honesty, impartiality and devotion for public interest—of the upper-class Anglo-Saxon."

### A Sense of Public Service

Ironically, it was a member of a Roman Catholic dynasty, John F. Kennedy, who added new luster to Wasp ideals. He was such a model Wasp with his dry humor, his laconic eloquence and his lack of sentimentality, that he set a style which encouraged many authentic upper-class Wasps to take heart and to run for political office. John D. Rockefeller IV was one. He was followed by George Bush in Texas, William I. Walton in California and John Winthrop Sears in Massachusetts and Bronson La Follette in Wisconsin. "In previous times, you had to be born in a log cabin to be elected to office," notes John Jay McCloy, who has been called the board chairman of the U.S. Wasp Establishment. "Now, to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth often means you have a distinct advantage. This would seem to indicate that the tradition of the Adamsses, Elihu Root and Henry Stimson is perhaps even greater today."

At his worst, the Wasp has been too repressive and rigid. At his best, he has stood for a certain selflessness, a sense of public service, a disinterestedness in the face of brawling passions. A feeling is growing that in this time of ideological rancor these are qualities worth reviving.

### WASPIRANTS



ROSTOW



LIPPMANN



SHRIVER



MUSKIE



KENNEDY



BROOKE

# THE WORLD

## MIDDLE EAST: MOSCOW'S PEACE OFFENSIVE

IN the wake of the latest flare-up in the Middle East, occasioned by the Arab terrorist attack on an El Al plane in Athens and Israel's reprisal raid on Beirut airport, the Soviet Union last week stepped up its latest diplomatic offensive. Its aim: a four-power agreement among the U.S., Russia, Britain and France on a peace package to offer to the Middle East's antagonists.

Behind the Soviet plan is concern that the region's deadly round of raid and retaliation could draw the U.S. and Russia into a showdown that neither wants. The Russians also want to protect their Arab clients from another

that U.N. Special Representative Gunnar Jarring could present to Arabs and Israelis. He resumes his go-between role this month after five weeks at his regular post as Sweden's ambassador to Moscow. In any case, even a decision on four-power discussion, let alone its possible outcome, will be left to the incoming Nixon government.

Israeli diplomats perceive an ominous threat in the very idea of a settlement "imposed" by the big powers. Should it happen, it would serve to make permanent and legitimate the Russian presence in the Middle East. And they are convinced that it would be achieved at

the U.N., in condemning Israel alone, had not been quite fair. Pope Paul VI told the head of a visiting Jewish delegation that his message of sympathy to Lebanon had been "misinterpreted" as deploring only one side of the violence. But in assessing the reaction, Israel did not reckon with another factor—Charles de Gaulle. He regards Lebanon, a French mandate until World War II, as France's particular protégé in the Middle East. He is also working closely with Moscow for a four-power approach, which would remind the world that France is a power of sorts, and would enhance French influence in the Arab world.

As much as anything else, De Gaulle took offense at the symbolism he perceived in the Beirut airport attack. "The fact that French helicopters were used to destroy French Caravelles is altogether unacceptable," he told his Cabinet, reportedly adding: "They could at least have used American Sikorskys." Angered at Israel's "unspeakable and unacceptable" behavior, De Gaulle went further than the simple resolution of censure voted in the U.N. He decreed a total embargo on all shipments of French arms to Israel.

**Everything Except Aircraft.** De Gaulle's embargo was in turn blasted as "a one-sided and indefensible act," by Premier Levi Eshkol, who called a Cabinet meeting for this week to consider an appropriate response. Still, some Israelis found a silver lining. The embargo makes more palatable to voters the \$2.3 billion "war budget to prevent war" that Finance Minister Zeev Shafren presented to the Knesset last week. And it will likely produce millions of dollars in new funds from Jews around the world.

A substantial amount may well come from France, where Israel enjoys vast popular support despite De Gaulle. The French President decreed the ban without consulting either Prime Minister Couve de Murville or Foreign Minister Michel Debré. Predictably, it raised a roar of political and editorial protest, especially so since De Gaulle has sold a dozen Mirage 3s to Lebanon and is dickering to sell 54 more to Iraq. Every major non-Communist paper in France denounced the ban on arms to Israel. In reply, De Gaulle harshly raised, through Information Minister Joël Le Theule, an old European phobia over Jewish influence in the press: "It is remarkable how Israeli influence could make itself felt in circles close to the information media." Le Monde rightly rejected the charge as "insulting."

The embargo is unlikely to have much practical impact on Israel, despite that country's heavy investment in French arms, amounting to nearly \$600 mil-



"TELL HIM THEY'RE HERE!"

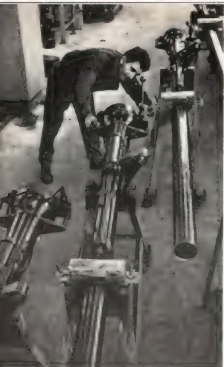
military defeat, and have artfully shaped their proposal to tempt—and perhaps confuse—the U.S. as it changes administrations. For the first time, the Soviets do not peremptorily demand that Israel withdraw from its occupied territories before negotiations begin, as the Arabs have always insisted. Instead, the Soviets propose a package that would include Israeli withdrawal—to what lines the Soviets do not clearly say—along with declarations by Arab states of non-belligerence. The Russians support guaranteed use of the Strait of Tiran by Israel, but leave open the question of the Suez canal, least tying it to the beginning of at least a partial settlement of the Arab-refugees problem.

**Sitting Tight.** By the very vagueness of the proposals, which left loopholes for negotiation, the Russian initiative aroused interest—and conflicting evaluations—among officials of the outgoing Johnson Administration. They are drafting a reply to the Soviet note for Lyndon Johnson, asking for clarification and suggesting further exchanges. So far, the U.S. envisages any big-power agreement not as a deal to be "imposed" but merely as a set of proposals

the expense of their own hard-won security. In Washington and the U.N., they launched a vigorous counteroffensive against what they called a "Munich" settlement.

The Israelis insist that declarations of Arab nonbelligerence have not protected them in the past. Neither did the Security Council's guarantee of free passage in the Strait of Tiran when Israel withdrew after the 1956 Suez campaign; the U.N. did not prevent Egypt from blockading the Strait just before the June War. Therefore withdrawal from the occupied territories in exchange for such concessions from the Arabs is unacceptable to the Israelis. What they want is more time. By simply sitting tight since the Six-Day War, the Israelis argue, they have induced the Arabs to hold indirect talks through Jarring. By holding longer, they hope to wrest from the Arab states the bilateral peace treaties they want.

As the latest diplomatic battle took shape, the Israelis appeared to have made significant gains in their brief for the Beirut raid. A second wave of evaluation and editorial comment in the U.S. and abroad recognized that



**MAKING RECOILLESS GUNS IN ISRAEL**  
*An old bogey from De Gaulle.*

lion over the past decade. Ever since De Gaulle stopped delivery of 50 Mirage fighters as a sign of his displeasure during the Six-Day War, Israel has been prudently making other arrangements. To compensate for the embargoed aircraft Israel has ordered from the U.S. 50 F-4 Phantoms, scheduled for delivery late this year.

Considering France's earlier embargo on jets as a warning, Israel stepped up its own armaments production and is now self-sufficient in virtually everything except aircraft.\* Israel Military Industries is a \$100 million business that makes everything from air force rockets to the army's 155-mm. artillery. It also exports to 50 countries, including France, a good customer for Israeli ammunition and jet fuel drop-tanks and one on which Israel has no intention of imposing a counter-embargo. The search for self-sufficiency has given Israel a high level of technological expertise. "If Israel wanted to make its own jets," says IMI Director-General Itzhak Ironi, "it now has the technology and industrial capacity to do so within the next two or three years."

\* There was a stir last week when NBC reported that the Israelis are adding the atomic bomb to their already formidable arsenal of weapons. Israel promptly denied the report, and U.S. intelligence and atomic experts confirmed that there is no hard evidence as yet to indicate that Israel is producing any nuclear weapons. Israel does have its own nuclear reactor, built with French aid, and the technological capability to produce a bomb whenever it chooses, probably within two years after the political decision to join the nuclear club is taken. Last week Israel reiterated its long-standing promise not to be the first nation to introduce nuclear weapons into the Middle East.

## CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE

ISRAEL did not get away without cost from its commando raid on Beirut airport. Through Lloyd's of London, Israeli insurance firms were underwriters for \$50,000 worth of policies held by Middle East Airlines on planes that were destroyed. Thus, ironically, Israel will pay part of the nearly \$18 million that MEA will collect. It is Lebanon's only cause for cheer. For the reverberations from the raid brought an internal crisis to the tiny nation last week, along with the prospect of being drawn against its will into the whirlpool of Middle East hostilities.

By remaining aloof from the passions and wars of other Arab lands, Lebanon, alone of Israel's neighbors, has escaped losing territory to Israel. It has pursued the role of a Middle Eastern Switzerland, providing its 2,700,000 people with the highest living standard of any Arab country. Beirut is a cosmopolitan city of thriving banks and glittering beaches, excellent restaurants and gaudy nightclubs. Internally, Lebanon has maintained a delicate equilibrium since it gained independence from French mandate rule in 1943, by an unwritten "national covenant" apportioning political power between the Christian and Moslem halves of its population.

**Fears of Invasion.** All that seemed threatened last week in the wake of the Beirut raid. The already shaky government of Premier Abdullah Yafi toppled amid a crossfire of recriminations over the Beirut airport's lack of defenses. In the Premier's palace, President Charles Helou called in Rashid Karami, 47, who first won an international name as leader of a brief, Nasser-supported rebellion that brought U.S. Marines rushing to Lebanon in 1958. Karami has since served as Premier five times, the last time during the Six-Day War, when he ordered Lebanon's army into battle

against Israel. The army prudently refused to budge.

Last week, Karami was trying to pull together a Cabinet from among Lebanon's fractious political parties, and shape a new policy toward Israel. Amid fears of an Israeli invasion of Lebanon's mountainous south, Lebanese debated whether to risk disaster at the hands of the Israelis, or to break all tradition, ally themselves with the Arab cause, and raise a powerful army—which could equally mean disaster.

Militant students, including some Christians, demonstrated in favor of a military draft. "Our sons are leading the way," declared a Beirut hotel manager last week. "We must get tough." In Tyre, merchants closed their shops in a one-day protest, and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Beirut sent a petition to Parliament demanding "full cooperation with the people of Palestine."

Most Christians, however, oppose the draft, and so do the majority of Beirut businessmen. "We will smash ourselves," says a chain-store manager. "We must not commit suicide. It is best for us and for all the Arabs to have this non-involved outpost." Many Lebanese agree, on the practical ground that a draft would cost at least \$30 million. Editorialized the Beirut Star: "Lebanon realizes that Israel's military might is much stronger than her own. It would take a great deal of money to improve on the situation. Since 1943, we have followed a policy of letting the big powers protect us. Why not in the future as well?"

**Village Shelters.** As a halfway measure, Lebanon's army began training border-village leaders in firearms, and announced that it is building concrete bomb shelters. They are not likely to be enough. Israel has repeatedly warned that Lebanon will be held responsible for any raids from its territory by Arab



KARAMI

*No new policy.*

STREET SCENE IN BEIRUT



fedayeen. That policy plays into the guerrillas' hands, since they are determined to enlist Lebanon, willingly or not, in their cause.

Until now, Beirut has tacitly allowed the fedayeen free rein for propaganda and recruiting, so long as they refrained from training in the country or operating across the border. Karami's vague promise "to work by all means to serve the Palestine question" seemed to indicate no intention of changing that policy, if he is given a choice. He may not be. The Israelis insist that the fedayeen have bases in Lebanon and have used them for military action against Israel. Lebanon denies this. What is almost certain is that Lebanon is being used as a transit area for Syrian-based commandos, which in Israeli eyes makes Lebanon equally culpable. It would take an army of 40,000 men to patrol the border properly. Since there are only 15,000 men in the Lebanese army, the fedayeen raids will doubtless continue, and so, likely, will Israeli reprisals.

## NATO

### Reforger I

A silver C-141 Starlifter transport last week whistled to a stop at Rhein-Main airbase near Frankfurt. Out of it filed a 65-man U.S. Army unit, the advance party for one of the largest troop airlifts ever undertaken. Within the next two weeks, a total of 12,000 U.S. fighting men, including two brigades of the Army's 24th Infantry Division, will be flown from their U.S. stations to join the 220,000-man U.S. Seventh Army in West Germany. In addition, 96 drop-nosed F-4 fighter-bombers will jet from Stateside bases to West Germany.

The exercise, called Reforger I, will be the largest American maneuver in Europe in the past five years. Its aim is to demonstrate the U.S.'s ability, in the event of a crisis, to airlift swiftly large numbers of U.S. troops to the NATO theater. The flown-in army units and F-4s are particularly suited to illustrate the point since they were permanently stationed in West Germany until last year. They were withdrawn at that time to the U.S. in order to reduce American military spending abroad, and thus help stem the outflow of U.S. gold reserves.

Reforger I was originally scheduled for later this year. As a result of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the date was moved forward to reassure the NATO Allies that the U.S. could quickly reinforce Europe in a crisis. Because of stormy weather, seven transports were forced to put down at other bases short of their Rhein-Main destination. But dozens of others got through, delivering 447 tons of equipment and 2,058 troops in three days. The exercise will culminate in a one-week war game early next month.

Though the Soviets sent 200,000 soldiers into Czechoslovakia only five months ago, they professed outrage at the comparatively modest influx of 12,000 U.S. troopers. Tass, the Soviet news agency, attacked Reforger I as "a new provocative plot." Elaborating on that theme, Izvestia, Moscow's evening newspaper, warned that "the new military demonstration is directed at increasing tension in Europe." What bothers the Soviets most of all is that the war game will be held in Bavaria at the NATO maneuver site of Grafenwöhr—located only 30 miles from the Czechoslovak border.



CHEN YI MAPPING (1965)

Vague and contradictory signal.

## CHINA

### Growing More Flexible?

The signals that emanate from Peking are erratic, vague and contradictory. But they hint that after the long isolation and xenophobia of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, China is beginning to take notice of the outside world again. For two years, shrill Maoist Red Guardism ruled, and China seemed almost without a foreign policy. Now, the more moderate professionals appear to be moving back in charge at the Foreign Office in Peking. With their return, China's relations with the world can be expected to become more rational and more flexible. There will likely be no major policy changes, nor is a significant rapprochement with the U.S. envisioned by the China watchers. But there will probably be small steps: changes of form rather than substance, to return China's foreign affairs to the pattern that prevailed before the Cultural Revolution.

**Dependents Return.** Among the most significant indicators of a reappraisal was Peking's announcement in late November that it wants to reconvene next month the Warsaw ambassadorial talks with the U.S. They were last held a year ago and have since been postponed twice at Chinese insistence. What made the announcement particularly intriguing was Peking's inclusion of the suggestion that Sino-American relations be based on the principle of "peaceful coexistence," a phrase Peking has not used in relation to Washington since 1964. Perhaps the invitation to resume talks with the Americans was no more



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Edinburgh is a good base camp for sorties into the Highlands and Lowlands, with plenty of trains, buses and coaches for excursions. One fine way to experience the grandeur of Scotland is to hire a car (cost for two weeks about \$125, add \$25 per thousand miles for your gas).

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than an effort to rile the Soviet Union, which fears a Sino-American deal as much as Peking worries about U.S.-Soviet collusion. But there have been other signs as well.

The treatment of foreign diplomats in Peking has markedly improved in recent months. They are allowed to travel outside the capital again, and even such arch-revisionists as the Yugoslavs are treated with courtesy. Two years ago, the dependents of Soviet diplomats were evacuated as Red Guards spat on them at the Peking airport and made them crawl under portraits of Mao Tse-tung; now these Soviet citizens are returning. A recent complaint to India over an attack on the Chinese embassy in New Delhi was stern but matter-of-fact, and there was no counter-demonstration in Peking—in stark contrast to 1967, when at least twelve foreign embassies were besieged by Red Guards at one time or another. There is also evidence that overseas Chinese communities, most notably in Hong Kong and in Burma, have been quietly told to go easy on the kind of zealous Maoism that led to bloody disturbances in both places during the heyday of the Cultural Revolution.

**Peace Hoax.** Admittedly, these are only straws in the wind. On a more typically dissonant note, Peking exploded an H-bomb last month. Also, it still has only one ambassador (to Cairo) posted abroad. All the other Peking envoys were recalled and humiliated by Red Guards in 1962, and their missions are still headed by chargés. Denunciations of the Viet Nam "peace talks hoax" continue, and the Chinese have yet to elaborate on their coexistence formula as regards the U.S. However, all this is still a far cry from 1967, when Red Guards, virtually in control of the Foreign Office, humiliated Foreign Minister Chen Yi so often that, by his own admission, he lost count of the numerous indignities he was made to suffer. It was a time when the Foreign Ministry was ransacked by extremists who stole classified documents, and when one meeting with the then British chargé d'affaires, Sir Donald Hopson, had to be held in a restaurant because officials were barred from their own Ministry. At one point in 1967, the temperamental Chen Yi became so angry with his young tormentors that he asked them: "Against whom are you rebelling? Instead of rebelling against me, why don't you go to Viet Nam and rebel against the Americans?"

China watchers believe that Peking's new look at foreign affairs is part of the moderate line that, over the past five or six months, has slowed down what is left of the Cultural Revolution. They surmise that a foreign policy review was included in a Central Committee plenum session in late October, during which the Chinese leaders must have discovered their country embarrassingly and dangerously isolated. Only tiny Albania remained a real ally. Relations with Hanoi had turned icily brittle

over North Vietnam's decision to talk peace with the U.S.

Moreover, the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia during the summer was surely a traumatic event for the Chinese who, after all, share more than 4,000 miles of exposed border with the Russians. It may very well have occurred to the Chinese that the U.S., an enemy for the past 20 years, was considerably more predictable than the Soviet Union, a former friend. As Chen Yi reportedly told one European ambassador in Peking not so very long ago: "The Americans are bastards, but honest bastards. The Russians are liars and traitors."

cuses the Viet Cong. This time both police and the government looked elsewhere. A minister of education, especially one in office not quite four months, is an odd target for terrorism. Moreover, examination of fragments showed that the grenade was a U.S. model rather than the Chinese type that the Viet Cong are likely to use. Police soon arrested a discharged South Vietnamese marine sergeant on the basis of what they described as incriminating evidence: a motorbike, notes on Tri's daily routine, and the Toyota's license (EG 0011) written in ink on his hand.

Premier Tran Van Huong, who had appointed Tri, one of his former pupils



EDUCATION MINISTER TRI (FOREGROUND) & AUTO  
An odd target for terrorism.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### The Price of Honesty

The morning was muggy in Saigon, and normally punctual Education Minister Dr. Le Minh Tri was late leaving his villa for the ministry. When a red light halted the minister's Toyota four blocks from the office, Tri, his chauffeur and his bodyguard were more intent on the signal than on the motorbike that drew up alongside them. None was quick enough when one of the bike's two riders tossed a paper bag into the car: as the bike sped away, a hand grenade in the bag exploded. The chauffeur died instantly in the car's flaming wreckage. The bodyguard, only shaken, managed to pull his minister from the flames. But Tri, 43, died half a day later, his stomach riddled by shrapnel, an eye gone, a leg broken and his head grievously battered.

Usually after such attacks, Saigon ac-

cus the Viet Cong. This time both police and the government looked elsewhere. A minister of education, especially one in office not quite four months, is an odd target for terrorism. Moreover, examination of fragments showed that the grenade was a U.S. model rather than the Chinese type that the Viet Cong are likely to use. Police soon arrested a discharged South Vietnamese marine sergeant on the basis of what they described as incriminating evidence: a motorbike, notes on Tri's daily routine, and the Toyota's license (EG 0011) written in ink on his hand. Premier Tran Van Huong, who had appointed Tri, one of his former pupils

## The Phenomenon of Powellism

**I** REGARD the politician as a prophet in the Hebrew sense—not the man who prophesies the future but that man who speaks out what is in the hearts of his people." The words are those of Enoch Powell, and he is talking about himself. In less than a year Powell, the Conservative M.P. who looks like a tensed-up Terry-Thomas and sprinkles his speeches with allusions to classical history, has emerged as his own kind of politician-prophet. In the process, he has stirred a furor both in Britain and abroad. For what Powell sees—and speaks for—is the alarm, fear and resentment of the white British toward the African and Asian peoples of the Commonwealth who have emigrated to Britain.

Powell's pronouncements—and the British sentiment that they reflect—intruded into last week's London meeting of leaders from the 28 Commonwealth nations, of which 22 have predominantly nonwhite populations. Offended by articles in the British press that portrayed the behavior of Asian immigrants as uncouth and unclean, Pakistani Foreign Minister Arshad Husain rapped Britain for practicing discrimination. Rising in Britain's defense, Prime Minister Harold Wilson pointed to the "fiercely penal" anti-discrimination laws that his Labor Government has sponsored. Beyond that, Wilson could do little except plead: "Do not hold me responsible for the phenomenon known as Enoch Powell."

**Pungent Odors.** Britain's racial troubles are a hangover from its Imperial past. For generations, British colonizers told their subjects in an empire that in those days of glory stretched around the world that they, too, were British citizens. Taking Britain at its word, a continuing stream of immigrants, mainly Indians and Pakistanis from Asia and Negroes from the West Indies and Africa, in recent years have sought jobs and new homes in Britain. Though they constitute only 2% of the population, their tendency to huddle together has created pockets, often ghettos, of non-white residents in London and the industrial Midlands.

Particularly among Britain's lower-class whites, this influx has aroused the full range of reactions that accompany any major wave of immigration anywhere. Cockney housewives grimace at pungent cooking odors wafting from Indian kitchens, and early-to-bed British workmen complain of being kept awake all night by twanging West Indian music. Since immigrant shopkeepers are willing to keep longer hours, white merchants resent the competition. More seriously, the immigrants vie for low-cost housing, which is scarce in Britain. Unwelcome in many localities, the new minority groups cluster together and overcrowd their neighborhoods, forcing out white families. Since most immigrants are raising families themselves, they overburden the schools, ma-

ternity hospitals and welfare clinics in areas where they have congregated.

**Simplistic Judgment.** Such friction might be better tolerated if this were not a time of profound frustration for Britain. Continuing sterling crises, the harshest austerity budget ever, constantly shrinking power abroad, combined with an unpopular and unresponsive government at home—all help to create a mood of anxiety. Powell has given the frustrated British a scapegoat for their rage: "the colored." He predicts that within a generation "we shall have succeeded in reproducing 'in England's green and pleasant land' the haunting tragedy of the United States." He of-



POWELL LECTURING  
Taking a ride on race.

fers the simplistic judgment that "the people of England will not endure it." He offers an equally simplistic solution: start sending "the colored" home.

Powell achieved notoriety last April, when he declared in a now famous speech that immigrants have made Britons "feel like strangers in their own country" and spoke of a vision of Britain "foaming with much blood." It was the first time that Powell—or any other politician in recent British history—had made such a major issue of the delicate question of race. The results horrified moderates. Rank-and-file workmen, normally Labor Party stalwarts, downed tools to demonstrate their support for Tory Powell. Nearly 100,000 letters poured into his office, the vast majority in hearty agreement with his speech. Political leaders of both parties quickly declared Powell to be irresponsible and the press denounced him. Unfazed, Powell asserted: "I've been heard, heard as no man in this country has been heard in 30 years."

Powell disavows the label of racist, or racialist as some Britons say. "What

I would take 'racialist' to mean is a person who believes in the inherent inferiority of one race of mankind to another, and who acts and speaks in that belief," he explains. "So the answer to the question of whether I am a racialist is no." Moreover, he scoffs at the claims of his critics that his volatile choice of words encourages racist reactions in his listeners. Instead, he argues, "I am a safety valve." Powell has even conceded that immigrants are "no more malevolent or more prone to wrongdoing" than white Britons. His argument is merely that Britain has enough to do in keeping law and order among its own. It has neither the skill nor resources to cope with the immigrants, whose case, in Powell's words, is "totally different." The only way to cope with their problems, he says, is to make them go home "voluntarily."

In stating his case, he is not above resorting to the most blatant loaded language. One example is his use of a story about one British couple who were driven from their flat by their West Indian landlord "by verbal abuse and filth smeared in and around their toilet."

**Eleven Languages.** Despite its excesses, Powell's campaign does make one legitimate point. Today's overcrowded, economically laggard Britain can no longer afford to make good on the old colonial "myth that we wrote into law" and grant entrance to every Commonwealth immigrant who seeks to settle there. It is a realization that both major British parties share; in fact, under a 1962 law, immigration is already severely limited. It is restricted mainly to persons whose relatives already reside in Britain and to those who have received official work permits, which are issued at the rate of about 160 a week. In addition, there is a special quota for Pakistani and Indian refugees from East Africa, where black racist regimes are discriminating cruelly against residents of Asian ancestry. Commonwealth immigration has dropped from a total of 471,400 between 1955 and mid-1962 to 271,200 during the following five and a half years.

A less prophetically gifted politician might have failed to exploit the race problem in a country that prides itself on its tolerance of eccentricity and sense of fair play. The Sunday Observer, for example, has commented on "the fanaticism, the patience, the nationalism, the extremeness, the realism and the romanticism" that he exhibits by turns. Powell is a 56-year-old M.P. from a district in the sooty Midlands city of Wolverhampton, which he has represented since 1950; he is also a former professor of Greek at Australia's Sydney University, at age 27 was the author of four scholarly books, and speaks eleven languages with varying degrees of proficiency. Powell argues his case with a formidable intellect.

His academic elegance is traceable to his schoolteacher parents in the Midlands, who provided him with a solid academic background. He performed bril-



lantly at Birmingham's King Edward's Grammar School and Cambridge's Trinity College. Classmates and buddies from his World War II army service remember Powell as a fearful grind who studied over holidays and insisted on wearing tie, jacket and Sam Browne belt during the hottest days in India. He has grown more relaxed in middle age, having traded the atheism of his school-boy idol, Nietzsche, for High Anglicanism. He has also exchanged his old spartan regimen for a warm family life with his wife and two children in a Regency-style house in Belgravia.

**Well of Feeling.** On political issues he is the essence of what Britons call bloody-mindedness—the trait of holding to one's own convictions, no matter how wrongheaded they may seem to others. He is the delight of right-wing Tories in money matters, demanding the abolition of government fiscal controls and proposing to cut income taxes in half and reduce government spending drastically. On foreign policy issues, he is a devout "Little Englander," who would end all of Britain's commitments beyond Europe, dissolve the Commonwealth and cut loose Rhodesia to go the route of former colonies in America. On a few domestic questions he is mildly progressive: Powell was among those Tories who voted with Labor M.P.s to abolish capital punishment and liberalize laws on homosexuality.

Powell has never got on well with the "squirearchy" that rules Conservative politics. In 1965, when he made his only attempt so far to take over the leadership, he was counted out in the first round of voting with a minuscule 15 votes out of 298. Even now Powell possesses no organized following within the Tory party. But Powell has clearly seized on a ready-made issue of enormous appeal that cuts across class and party lines. Though he is a much more thoughtful man than George Wallace, to whom he is often compared in Britain, Powell stands to profit from the same well of vitriolic racial feelings—and could, like Wallace, influence the shape and direction of Britain's future elections.

## CUBA

### Freedom Riders

A determined group of Cubans intent on escaping the austerities of Fidel Castro's Cuba provided a bloody counterpoint last week to the nation's celebrations of the tenth anniversary of Fidel's reign. In the largest single escape attempt of the Castro years, 88 managed to fight their way past border guards and through the barbed wire surrounding the big U.S. naval base at Guantánamo Bay,\* near the island's southern tip. Fifty or 60 others were

left behind, killed or captured by Cuban guards.

It was a well-planned attempt despite the losses. The organizer was a Havana trucker named Delgado, refugee sources said, who made regular trips between the capital and the southern area near Guantánamo. Delgado decided to use his huge trailer truck to crash through the barriers, and a list of passengers was drawn up. Last week Delgado set off from Havana on a regular run, but this time a number of men, women and children were concealed in the truck. More were picked up in Cienfuegos and Camagüey, and by the time the truck reached the city of Guantánamo, about 100 persons were aboard. Another 40 were waiting there. The driver set off toward the base, timing his ar-



CUBAN REFUGEES IN MIAMI  
Taking off from a regular run.

rival at the boundary for 8 a.m., when the Cuban guards surrounding the base were to be changed.

At Guantánamo, he evidently took the wrong road and crashed head-on into a sentry hut. "Everyone piled out," one refugee recalled, "and began running for the fence about 200 yds. away. One of our men began shooting at the guards to hold them off, and they answered the fire while we were climbing over the barbed wire, shredding our hands. We threw the children over."

Why did they leave? In Miami, where most of the refugees were flown, one said: "We were superhungry." A mother said that she did not want her child "to grow up under Communism," and others complained of arduous working conditions. While it is true that the U.S. and Cuba reached an agreement in 1965 under which 132,421 Cubans so far have left for the U.S., the average Cuban applicant must put in one to two years as an unpaid agricultural laborer until his name comes up on the list. For some Cubans, that is too long.

## GUYANA

### Pocket Revolution

The grass-tufted upcountry savannas of southern Guyana yield profits only to the rawest, roughest kind of rancher, but Ben Hart was that sort of man. Immigrating from South Dakota in the early 1900s, he married a half-breed of Amerindian-Scotch parentage and fathered six boys as tough as he. They tended their herds, sleeping in tree platforms at night to fend off attacks by pumas, and they carried water in buckets for the shade trees they planted. Before Hart died in 1961, they put together a spread of 185,000 leased acres, with buildings and ranch houses worth \$200,000. Hart and his sons never gave up U.S. citizenship, and two of the boys served in the U.S. armed forces.

The flaw in this rude paradise was the government in faraway Georgetown, controlled by Negroes ever since Guyana won its independence from Britain three years ago. Jim and Harry Hart, the dominant brothers, feared the cancellation of their land lease, and feared it even more after last month's election consolidated the power of Forbes Burnham, Guyana's black Prime Minister. The Hart boys began to ponder the incredible idea of a homemade secessionist coup, one that would utilize the greediness of the bordering country, Venezuela.

**Holiday Bazookas.** For 70 years, Venezuela has lusted after the five-eighths of Guyana that lie between the border and the Essequibo River, which divides the little country north and south. The existing border is based on an arbitration sponsored by President Cleveland, which, when finally handed down in 1899, was largely favorable to the British. Venezuela disputes the decision with an ardor that has increased as smaller Guyana became an independent nation and after Venezuela itself built highways, a steel mill, an aluminum plant and what will eventually be one of the world's largest hydroelectric projects on its side of the boundary. The Venezuelans particularly covet the bauxite and manganese in the disputed area, and last year even built a military base on Guyanese territory as a step toward enforcing the claim.

Somehow the Harts and other white ranchers whose land is in the disputed area got together with the Venezuelan air force, and soon a Venezuelan plane landed at Harry Hart's ranch. About 40 ranchers flew off to a Venezuelan army training base, where they got automatic rifles, bazookas and instruction in how to use them. Just after New Year, the plane flew the rebels back to the Harts' domain, and the pocket revolution was on.

**Ragtag Collection.** Driving to the district capital of Lethem, the ranchers and some of their Amerindian employees struck at the airfield, where a 600-yard-long block of buildings houses the police station, power plant, post office and even a slaughterhouse. A cop ran from

\* Guantánamo, known as "Gitmo" to Navy men, was granted to the U.S. under a 1901 treaty signed after the Spanish-American War. The base covers 45 sq. mi., contains a supply depot and repair facilities, and is visited by about 130 Navy vessels a year.



the station house, wrestled with Jim Hart for Hart's rifle; another rebel shot the cop from behind. When the shooting stopped, five policemen were dead. John Hawkins, a Protestant missionary from Texas, rushed to the airport and ran into Jim Hart. "We've talked enough—we're taking action," Hart shouted.

Someone managed to radio a report of the attack to Georgetown. In a ragtag collection of airplanes, about 226 of Guyana's 1,800-man defense force flew in and scattered the rebels. Guyana's ambassador to Venezuela, Novelist E. A. Braithwaite, handed the foreign ministry in Caracas a note written in words more angry than those of the gentle author of *To Sir, With Love*; the Venezuelans handed it back. As for the heirs of that old South Dakota pioneer, Ben Hart, they fled over the border to Venezuela. And the fine houses that the Harts built, under the trees they watered, were blackened heaps of ashes, burned down by the flamethrowers of Forbes Burnham's soldiers.

## LIBERIA

### Uncle Shad's Jubilee

They laughed when William Vacanarat Shadrach Tubman was inaugurated as the 18th President of Liberia back in 1944. He had a reputation as a playboy, and it was freely predicted that within six months he would be impeached or simply resign from office. But "Uncle Shad" has endured. Now in his sixth term, he has been busy the last two weeks celebrating his 25th anniversary as chief executive of Africa's oldest republic. *TIME* Correspondent James Wilde went to the party, a ten-day long binge of dinners, dances, agricultural exhibitions, parades and fireworks. His report.

The streets of Monrovia, the capital, were jammed with parked cars that spilled over into the alleys. Inside the Centennial Ballroom, a babel of people in long white Moslem robes and colored *hubus* (tribal gowns) mingled with those in formal tie and tails wearing rows of medals. Guided by Tubman and his daughter Cocoo, they marched, then switched to a rumba, a quick step, the Lindy hop, a quadrille. "Faster, faster!" shouted the President, roaring with laughter. For 50 minutes the crowd of nearly 1,000 stomped to John Philip Sousa marches. Leaving most of his guests wilted, the 73-year-old President finally strode back to his table, lit up a Havana, took a drink of Scotch and Perrier, and was ready for the next dance.

Tubman and Liberia have come a long way since his first inauguration. Monrovia, now a city of 100,000, at that time was a town of scarcely 15,000 people sporting only four blocks of paved streets, no sewage system, no streetlighting, no radio nor telephones. Liberia's annual budget came to \$750,000, and government departments were quartered in shabby, corrugated-metal reproductions of Southern U.S. ante-

bellum mansions. An Americo-Liberian elite, descendants of the American slaves who declared Liberia independent in 1847,\* was in power, ruling with little regard for the tribal people of the bush, whom they called aborigines. The economy was dominated by the Firestone company, whose rubber plantations stretched deep into the hinterlands. There was, in short, no infrastructure, and Tubman used to apologize wryly by observing: "Liberia never had the benefits of colonialism."

In Name Anyway. Today, Monrovia is still a provincial town, but it has nonetheless changed considerably. A splen-



TUBMAN AT JUBILEE EXHIBITION  
Sousa marches and Victorian courtesy.

did, glittering presidential palace, looking like a cross between a Hilton hotel and New York's Museum of Modern Art, overlooks the town—and some of its slums. The John F. Kennedy Hospital in Monrovia, built with U.S. aid and now nearing completion, will be one of the most modern in all of West Africa. Some 2,000 miles of road, paved or not, are open, three railway spurs lead to rich inland iron-ore mines, and low shipping-registration fees (which netted the government \$3,000,000 last year) give Liberia, in name anyway, the world's biggest merchant fleet. Although only 5% of the population is literate, some 1,600 youngsters have been or are being educated abroad, and Tubman says ruefully: "I'm committing political suicide. These boys will come back experts, and I know nothing but the Bible."

The President credits his successes and 25 years of stability to two basic policies. One is an open-door policy in regard to foreign investment. The other is his Integration and Unification Program, an effort to erase divisions be-

tween Americo-Liberians and the tribal people and to stop intertribal warfare. To still tribal rivalries, Tubman traveled far and wide through the bush to attend palavers with local chiefs, even became grand master of the secret Poro societies, to which all of Liberia's 28 tribes belong. He has extended the vote to the tribal people and banned the term Americo-Liberian. Says he: "We are all Liberians."

Even after 25 years, "Uncle Shad" seems to retain genuine popularity with his people. He has the common touch. In the old days, he would sit on the back porch of the then ramshackle executive mansion and call out to passersby to stop for a chat. Even now, at a public function, he is not above grabbing a snare drum and playing it, to the delight of the crowd. There is also an almost Victorian courtesy about him, to visitors as well as to his own people. Like the quadrilles he enjoys dancing, it is touchingly out of date. But it goes over well with Liberians. Not long ago, he fired one of his district commissioners because the man had insulted a cripple. At banquets given during his visits into the hinterlands, he will occasionally take the last place in the line—to make sure that everyone gets something to eat.

The Great Tree. His open-door economic policies have brought relative progress to Liberia. Foreign investment now amounts to nearly \$750 million—mostly in iron ore, rubber and commercial banking. Tubman checks economic performance continually: an old law still on the books has it that all government expenditures of more than \$200 must be approved by the President, and the President spends hours every week poring over the ledgers. As a result, important government work tends to be held up.

There are more serious complaints: despite Tubman's economic gains, a large number of Liberia's 1,000,000 people still eke out all too meager an existence while the heirs of the old elite and government officials live handsomely. The 1969 austerity budget of \$61 million, for instance, sets aside \$37 million for government expenditure, including salaries, but only one-tenth that amount for development. Tubman's own annual salary as chief executive is \$25,000. Agriculture has so far been given short shrift in economic planning. Graft and corruption abound, and Tubman's True High Party permits no organized opposition. In that sense, Tubman is the traditional African patriarch, the great tree under which all healthy opposition withers. He is as sensitive to criticism as he is alert to potential opponents (there is no free press), and he may very likely be Liberia's President for as long as he chooses.

\* Liberia was actually founded in 1822, after agents of the American Colonization Society bought land near the present capital, Monrovia, and settled a number of freed slaves from the U.S. there.

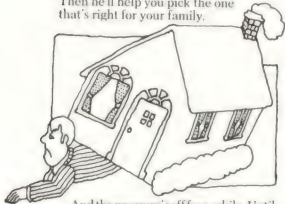
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## PEOPLE

In Saigon, the young Buddhist disciple murmured "I am Tao" as he drew designs from the book of *I Ching* on the palm of his hand. But could that be a Yank accent? It was indeed. **John Steinbeck Jr.**, 22, son of the late novelist, has dropped out into a dingy Saigon flat in order to follow his yen for Zen. His teacher: Nguyen Thanh Nam, a mystic generally known as the "Coconut Monk," after his habit of meditating perched atop a palm tree in the middle of an island in the Mekong River. Young Steinbeck and his guru have pursued the cause of peace by presenting U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker with a peeled coconut, and were last seen marveling at the white elephant at the Saigon zoo.

It was **Everett Dirksen's** 73rd birthday, and the Illinois Senator opened the romp and circumstance by dipping into a voluminous chocolate cake. Then Ev marched his guests in to inspect his latest joy: the kidney-shaped heated indoor swimming pool that he and his wife have built at their Leesburg, Va., home. Both Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew stopped by to pay their respects, and unlike the pool-dunking days of the New Frontier, not a soul was dampened in the drink. "But it was still a fun party," reported Mrs. Dirksen. "The two effects and the birthday boy proposed many toasts."

His plays may be noted for their brooding sexuality and four-letter shockers, but **Tennessee Williams** now seems concerned with more spiritual matters. "I wanted my goodness back," said the 54-year-old playwright, so he converted to Catholicism last week in St. Mary Star of the Sea Church near his home in Key West, Fla. A former Episcopalian, Williams was baptized by the Rev. Joseph LeRoy. Convinced that God



JOHN JR. IN SAIGON  
He tried Zen.

has been calling him to Catholicism, Williams now plans a trip to Rome, where he hopes to receive a personal blessing from the Pope.

When Mussolini's crack troops swept through Ethiopia in 1936, they plundered the royal palaces and carted many of the nation's treasures back to Rome. Only now is one of the items on its way back to Addis Ababa, the magnificent cast-iron statue of the Lion of Judah. Though he is pleased with the return of the symbol of his legendary succession from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, Emperor Haile Selassie is not satisfied. The trophy he wants most still stands near Rome's Circus Maximus. It is a finely carved, 83-ft. granite obelisk that once rose above Ethiopia's ancient capital of Axum.

A county grand jury of nine whites and 14 Negroes stood in an Atlanta courtroom last week as a judge empowered them to investigate the need for better crime- and gun-control legislation in Atlanta. In their first official act, the jurors then elected a foreman: the Rev. **Martin Luther King Sr.**, 69.

There is a new crest forming on the old wave of European film makers. In Rome, Italy's **Federico Fellini** (83, *Juliet of the Spirits*) held a press conference to say a few extra kind words about Sweden's **Ingmar Bergman** (*Persona*, *Shame*), who was beaming at his elbow. "Ingmar," said Federico, "is a born storyteller, an artist who through his work manages to project his whole life." Replied Bergman: "Even before I met Fellini, I loved the soul of his pictures. I knew that artistically we spoke the same language." Now the two have

decided to collaborate on a film provisionally called *Love Duet*. The theme, naturally, is love, and the two will more or less independently shoot whatever moves them, probably without benefit of a script. "Each of us will have the greatest liberty to create," says Bergman. Adds Fellini: "But it will not be a poker game in which we hide aces up our sleeve. The only one we may hide things from is the producer."

In the bitter winter wind that swirled through Washington, D.C.'s Capitol Mall, the short figure with the snappy red bow tie fairly glowed with good cheer. **Joseph H. Hirshhorn**, 69, financier and art collector, was on hand to witness the realization of his most persistent dream: ground breaking for the vast Hirshhorn Museum that will house the \$50 million art collection he has given to the United States. "This is a special occasion to celebrate a lifetime of effort and commitment," said the Latvian-born Hirshhorn proudly. "I think it is a small repayment for what this great nation has done for me and others who have come to this country as immigrants."

"For a marvelous evening of fun," gushed the invitation. "Come dressed as anybody in Hollywood history or world history that you might like to have been in a previous lifetime." Paramount Pictures was tossing a "Reincarnation Ball" to herald its latest flick, *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*, and practically all of Hollywood was invited. **Barbra Streisand** decided that she was Colette and came in a Gallic gown of beige lace. **Edward G. Robinson** made like Jack London in an old salt's pea jacket, while **Raquel Welch** presented an uncanny resemblance to Katharine Hepburn. A few folk came in ordinary dress. As **Groucho Marx** put it: "The invitation said to come as somebody you greatly admire, so of course I came as myself."



TENNESSEE AT A PARTY  
He turned Catholic.



RAQUEL AT REINCARNATION BALL  
But Groucho stayed Groucho.

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## MUSIC

### RECORDINGS

#### Hitting Big with Hummables

The studio was next door to a garage in a New Mexico town called Clovis. For instruments, there was a \$50 mail-order guitar and a battered bass with one string missing. The performers were two students from nearby West Texas State College, backed by the sister of one and her girl friend. Yet *Purty Doll and I'm Stickin' with You*, the songs recorded that day by Buddy Knox, Jimmy Bowen and the "Rhythm Orchids," both caught on across the nation and became two of the top rockabilly hits of 1957.

The Orchids soon wilted. They sang their two big numbers at Manhattan's Paramount Theater, but when the audience screamed for more, they could offer nothing better than a reprise of Buddy's big song, *Back West on the nightclub circuit*, the group sometimes outnumbered the audiences; even in Jimmy Bowen's home town of Dumas, Texas (pop. 8,500), they could not fill the town auditorium. "We didn't have a follow-up act," draws Jimmy today, "and that ruined our careers."

**Household Names.** Temporarily ruined them, anyway. Knox is now a country-and-western singer in Macon, Ga. And Bowen? He finally settled in Los Angeles, producing recordings rather than performing on them. He did right well, too. During six years as a producer for the Reprise label, he supervised albums that sold 10 million copies and singles that sold 12 million, boosting his income to \$500,000 a year. Today, his own six-month-old Amos Productions Inc. is one of the largest independent record-production companies in the U.S.

On the average, only one out of every eleven records hits the charts—meaning the trade magazines' top 100; Jimmy Bowen has a three-out-of-five hit rating. His specialty is lending up-to-the-minute commercial appeal to long-established "household names." In 1964, while producing an album by Dean Martin, he saw possibilities in a little song written 15 years earlier by Martin's pianist, Ken Lane. He released it as a single, and *Everybody Loves Somebody* carried Martin to the top of the bestseller charts for the first time in two years. In 1966, at a Frank Sinatra recording session, Bowen came up with a Bert Kaempfert melody from the soundtrack of the movie *A Man Could Get Killed*. With lyrics added, the song made one of Sinatra's biggest successes of recent years, *Strangers in the Night*.

**Expanding into Shoes.** For Bowen, the key to streamlining performers like Martin and Sinatra is to "change the sound around them, not change their sound." Equally crucial is Bowen's knack for spotting catchy material. "I'm not setting any trends, and I'm sure not try-

ing to follow any," he says. "I look for songs that are simple enough to be hummable after you hear them one time."

The first album on Bowen's Amos label, to be released this month, may be his greatest coup yet. After years of trying, he finally managed to team Bing Crosby with a group of lank-haired backup musicians in a collection of rock and folk hits—for examples, the Beatles' *Hey Jude* and Judy Collins' *Both Sides Now*. Meantime, Amos Productions continues to expand in other directions: independent producing, recording-studio engineering and shoe repair. Shoe repair? It seems that Bowen's father had



BOWEN WITH CROSBY  
Battling three-for-five.

a shop in Santa Barbara that was not doing well, so Bowen bought it out. With some of the royalties from Jimmy's first record hit, his father, once Dumas' police chief, bought a dairy farm in Missouri. He knew little about the dairy business, and besides, most of the new calves born on the farm turned out to be male. That was when he opened the shoe-repair shop. Or so Bowen says, in that aw-shucks country manner that seems to thicken when he is working on his shrewd deals.

**God Is Welcome.** At 31, Bowen could well afford to subsidize a whole chain of shoe-repair shops. He and his wife, Singer Keely Smith, receive about 100 business and social visitors a week at their twelve-room North Hollywood house, which has a big black-and-orange piano in the poolroom, a private studio and a swimming pool out back, and a brass plaque on the front door that says: "Our house is open to sunshine, friends, guests and God."

Every year, Bowen throws a private golf tournament for 40 or so friends at a local country club. The ground rules require that every player have a drink before playing each hole, and limousines are provided so that nobody has to drive home. Last year, what with the grand prize of a Datsun convertible and all, the tab ran to \$10,000. All things considered, old Jimmy has turned out to have a pretty good follow-up act after all.



# Smirnoff 100



**The Smirnoff 100 Freeze:** A sudden cascade of frigid Smirnoff 100 over crushed ice. Only Smirnoff 100 is this clear, this clean. A little startling, like Siberian moonlight. Smirnoff 100 proof, choice of the czars. And still the driest liquor you can pour.

*Smirnoff Vodka leaves you breathless*



'69 Caprice Coupe



## It almost takes the fun out of being rich.

We're not knocking prosperity, mind you.

The idea behind building a car like this '69 Caprice was simply to spread it around a bit more.

So we endowed this one with niceties you won't find on any other make,

no matter how much you might be in the mood to spend.

Like this Caprice Coupe's exclusive custom-styled roof line, for instance, with its inward-curved rear window blending cleanly into the rear deck.

Like self-washing headlights—you

can order them separately or have them as part of Caprice's concealed headlight package.

And something else you'll probably want if wintering in Florida doesn't seem to be in the cards this year—Liquid Tire Chain brand of traction



GM

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**Caprice.**

improver. It squirts onto your rear wheels at the push of a button on your instrument panel.

Once you've been inside the new Caprice, it'll come as no surprise that it's the widest car in its field (with front-seat hip room to match).

And once you've personally sized it up from behind the wheel, nobody will have to tell you its new 327-cubic-inch V8 is the largest standard engine in its field.

So don't let a little thing like wealth stand between you and elegance.

Why should you with a car like Caprice around?



Putting you first, keeps us first.

An aircraft carrier may be a very big ship but it's also a very small airport.

Over the past few years the Navy's planes have grown more and more complex. A lot more maintenance checks had to be made—and a lot more men and equipment were needed to make them.

All of which took more time and more space. The trouble is on an aircraft carrier you never have enough of either.

The advantage of UNIVAC® computer systems is they save on both.

The Navy worked with Univac engineers to develop a computer system that would check and troubleshoot equipment by zipping impulses through a plane's electronic package.

The system is called VAST—for Versatile Avionic Shop Test.

VAST will do routine aircraft maintenance in a fraction of the time taken by the equipment it replaces.

It will also take less than half the space.

It will cut down on the men needed by twenty-five percent.

VAST is easier to use so it will

be easier to train men to use it.

And it can be shared by six different repair crews at the same time.

Univac systems are at work in many fields. In industry, science, education and government.

On five continents.

And the seven seas.

# UNIVAC

Univac is saving a lot of people a lot of time.

 SPERRY RAND

## When it comes to expanding facilities, some airports are at a disadvantage.

*So the Navy uses computer systems to keep its planes shipshape.*





# TELEVISION

## ANNOUNCERS

### The Pitchman

By the time he was 18, Edward Leo McMahon Jr. had been a pitchman for eight years. He was the genuine article, too, peddling merchandise on the sidewalks: "Folks, I'm gonna show you the Morris Metric Slicer. Two dollars is the price on the box, but forget the two dollars. I'm talking about one dollar, and I'm throwing in the onion slicer and the juice extractor." When Ed talked, the folks listened. And when they listened, they usually bought.

Today, at 45, McMahon is still pitching, and the folks are still buying. After six years as Johnny Carson's No. 2 man on NBC's *Tonight Show*, he ranks as TV's most effective salesman since the heyday of Arthur Godfrey. Besides appearing with Carson, McMahon hosts his own daily game show (*Snap Judgment*), and is getting ready to appear in his second movie, *The Killing Time*, in which he will play an F. Lee Bailey kind of lawyer defending a pathological killer. This week he moves up to No. 1 for a day as executive producer, director and master of ceremonies of the Inaugural Gala at Washington's National Armory.

**Heartland, U.S.A.** Gala Chairman General Emmett ("Rosie") O'Donnell Jr. picked McMahon to recruit and stage the show because "he can pick up the phone and get anybody." O'Donnell is just about right. Among those appearing at the ball will be Hugh O'Brian, Roger Williams, Lionel Hampton, Tony Bennett, Carson, James Brown, Connie Francis and Joel Grey and the *George M!* company. At the end Dinah Shore will sing *America the Beautiful* with the three service academy glee clubs. Says Pitchman McMahon: "That's gotta be Heartland, U.S.A."

McMahon is every bit as busy outside show business. In the four years that he has been doing the Budweiser beer commercials on *Tonight*, he has developed into principal spokesman for the company and now does 50% of all its radio and TV ads. He owns a stationery company, a knick-knack concern, a talent agency, a TV and film production company and a Florida drive-in store. His wife Alyce does not see much of him during the week, but at least his four children do not have to peddle sheers: a conservative estimate of his earnings is something more than \$250,000 a year. Says Bob Newhart, an occasional *Tonight* guest host: "He may be doing too much now, but

in three years he might regret it if he did not take up all these things."

**Security Blanket.** On *Tonight*, McMahon is the perfect aide-de-camp. Like Carson, he keeps his chatter on the light side. It's a basketball game of sorts, the way Ed sees it: "I help him get the ball down the court, and he sinks the basket." Sliding farther and farther down the couch as the guests pile up, Ed can still be heard roaring delightedly at all Carson's jokes, even the frequent gibes at Ed's supposed alcoholic prowess. Last week, giving blood on camera to help dramatize a nationwide shortage, Carson lifted his head from the pillow and cracked: "Ed's is



McMAHON WITH SON JEFFREY & WIFE ALYCE  
Rather like a basketball game.

the only blood with a 10-minute head on it." Actually, Ed is an average drinker who likes a couple of martinis with meals or with the two peanut butter sandwiches that he sometimes eats when he arrives late at night at his home in suburban Bronxville.

To *Tonight's* guest hosts, McMahon, a 6-ft. 34-in. 215-pounder with the face of a friendly brown bear, is "the Rock of Gibraltar" (Joan Rivers), or "my security blanket" (Newhart). Once, when Newhart and Guest Bobby Morse were lulling the audience to sleep with reminiscences, McMahon piped: "Gee, how you two ever thought about putting a book of these stories out?" Says Newhart: "The relief was marvelous. Bobby and I would have kept going all night if Ed hadn't saved us." Jerry Lewis tried to break Ed up during commercials and even kept it up when Ed was trying to say something laudatory about him. "You're such a great mimic," said Ed. "Why don't you act humble for a minute?" Silent and unsmiling, Lewis mumbled a humble, "I've got to admit, that's a good one."

McMahon attributes his success to a

lonely childhood. His father was one of the first of the professional fund raisers, and the family was always on the move. By the time he was four, he had moved through 40 states. By high school graduation he had attended 15 schools. Throughout it all, he was earning his own spending money. At 10, he bought copies of the *Bayonne Times* on the newsstands for a penny, hawked them in bars and restaurants for two cents. He shined shoes, dug ditches, sold peanuts, labored on a construction gang. At 18, he toured New England with his own bingo game. After four years as a Marine fighter pilot in World War II, he got a degree in speech and drama from Catholic University in Washington, D.C., then moved to Philadelphia, where, among other things, he found a job as a circus clown. It was not long before he was one of Philadelphia's best-known TV personalities. He met Carson on a trip to New York, and Johnny hired him in 1958 as his sidekick on ABC's *Who Do You Trust?* In 1962 Carson took him along to *Tonight*, and they have been sinking baskets ever since.

ABC's Dick Cavett, a former *Tonight* writer and more recently a guest host, says that "Ed has mastered a very tricky thing. It's like a man learning to dance well without leading. There is an un-slick look to him, which is good. For an announcer, he seems human—and so often announcers don't because they are too well-spoken, too well-groomed and too regular-featured." He can be sharp and funny, even at Carson's expense. Last week, when the boss muffed an imitation of John Wayne, Ed cracked: "You sound like David Brinkley." Because he is willing to jab Johnny every once in a while, he says: "I think I appeal to every guy who ever wanted to punch his boss."

## PUBLIC TV

### Due to Circumstances . . .

After a disappointing 1967-68 season, the staff of the Public Broadcasting Laboratory was naturally let down. Then last month PBL, the Ford Foundation's \$12.5 million experiment in public-interest television, began its second year on an encouragingly upbeat note (*TIME*, Dec. 6). *Birth and Death*, PBL's *cinéma vérité* documentary on natural childbirth and death by cancer, won critical acclaim, and the staff was jubilant. Said Executive Director Av (Avram) Westin: "This year we go for broke."

Last week Westin went, all right, but not for broke. Come March, he announced, he will leave PBL to take over as executive producer of ABC's nightly Frank Reynolds news show. Westin's new job will probably pay him between \$50,000 and \$60,000 a year (about what he earned at PBL). The imminent departure reinforced industry rumors that PBL will soon be going too. The Ford Foundation's TV consultant, Fred Friendly, would say only that "no decision has been reached at this time."

## BEHAVIOR

### Ethology: That Animal That Is Man

**WHAT** is man? To this age-old question, the social sciences are now proposing some extraordinarily complicated new answers. First and foremost, man is an animal—but he is neither the end product of evolution nor much more than a mediocre biological success. The body he inhabits is primitive, at least 50,000 years out of date. Basically, he is one of the world's most aggressive beasts, who, the scientists say, fundamentally enjoys torturing and killing other animals, including his fellow man in the sport known as war.

He considers himself more or less monogamous. But, according to the new scientific theory, he is not really, and he was never intended to be. His hormones urge him to copulate with his sisters and daughters, just as all other mammals generally do. But his cortex tells him to barter his females to strangers for political advantage, and he listens. He would like to murder his father, but this natural impulse is cunningly suppressed: one day he will be the old man. He feels as strong an affinity for his buddy as for his wife—or even his mother, once he has been weaned. But, says the expert, the rage and the lust in him are perpetually rampant. Everything he possesses, everything he is, he owes to the intellectual control that stays the trigger finger.

**Flesh and Bone.** Such a sober, even cynical analysis of man does not fit well with his image of himself as a civilized and cultured being. Yet within the past decade, this rough vision of man as a relative of the primates one step removed from the jungle has been

put forward by a number of behavioral scientists working in such fields as genetics, neurophysiology and primatology. Says Anthropologist Robin Fox of Rutgers, whose specialty is the sexual conduct of man the animal: "We are only beginning to understand the implications of extending to behavior the same kind of analysis that has proved successful with flesh and bone."

The subject of man as an animal is older than Darwin. But to Darwin's insights into man's evolution, the new approach is adding radical new dimensions. It rejects the view that biology has nothing to do with behavior, and proposes the hypothesis that culture itself has a biological basis. "What we are saying," says Fox, "is that it is highly probable that the species is predisposed to behave in certain ways and that these ways are probably more numerous and specific than has been thought."

One obvious way to learn about these predispositions is to study the behavior of man's nearest neighbors, the monkeys and great apes—and to study them not just in the zoo or laboratory but in their natural habitat. In studying the baboon, for example, Berkeley Anthropologist Sherwood L. Washburn and his Harvard disciple, Irven DeVore, are concerned mainly with what this primate can reveal about man. The baboon's hierarchical society, commanded by dominant males, suggests the fundamental pattern to which man's ancestors may have subscribed, long before marriage was invented. So far no primate study has turned up a societal unit that duplicates the human family.

Monogamy, in fact, turns out to be biologically "unnatural." As Fox puts it, "Man is by nature promiscuous, but works hard in the opposite direction." How then did the family structure evolve? The answer, suggest the ethologists, has a great deal to do with the uncertain history of the development of man's only major biological specialization—his brain. From a scratch start with the simians, this marvelous cultural device grew threefold in man in one million years—an evolutionary rate of unprecedented rapidity. Asks Fox: "Did the growth of the brain lead to the capacity for greater social complexity, or vice versa?"

One widely accepted speculation is that the pressures of survival put a heavy premium on the dawning intelligence of man. The first toolmaker gained an enormous survival advantage over his fellows—and may have asserted it by cornering the local supply of women. This male dominance operated to drive less intellectual males to the periphery of the troop, or tribe; it also served to transmit the toolmaker's genes to the next generation.

**Gene Pool.** Had early man been naturally monogamous, evolution might not have favored intelligence and the dramatic expansion of the brain. "If every male had been allowed the opportunity to contribute equally to the gene pool," writes Fox, "then we might have been forever stuck as *Homo stupidus*." He and others, notably Washburn and British Ethologist Michael Chance, have devised theories for explaining how the banished, peripheral males might eventually win their spurs.

They had to be both patient and astemious—qualities that, on examination, involve considerable intelligence. "Chance has called this process 'equilibration'—defined by Fox as 'the ability to control and to time responses, to understand the consequences of one's actions.'" The foolish peripheral male obeyed only his hormones, invaded the dominant male's harem and was either killed or ostracized. The clever male restrained this impulse and intelligently awaited a fruitful opportunity to topple, replace or succeed the Sultan.

From this conjecture flows a host of fascinating theories. On the ability to inhibit the sex drive, all of civilization may be based. Says Fox: "Control over sex and aggression; feelings about status and personal well-being; group loyalty; conscience and guilt; sensitivity to incestuous impulses; identification with and rebellion against the older generation; possessiveness over females and sexual jealousy; the desire for variety in sex life—all these are part and parcel of the evolution of the brain."

The new investigation of man's animal nature is rather humbling in its impact, but it also goes a long way, in the ethologists' view, to explain why he acts as he does. Canada's Lionel Tiger—who appropriately met Fox at the London Zoo and now works with him at Rutgers—has a theory to explain why



FOX & TIGER



EXPERIMENTAL PRIMATE



SCENE FROM "PLANET OF APES"

*A jungle beast beneath the veneer.*

men dominate politics. He argues that men are biologically more political than women, in the sense that they have a greater ability for what psychologists call "bonding" or the ability to forge lasting relationships. He suggests that there is an attraction of man for man that is of the same order of intensity as sex, but that exists for political rather than reproductive purposes.

Animal studies can also be used to criticize existing social institutions. In all the lower primates, the education process is informal. Washburn has shown, for instance, that primate curiosity—which in man would be called basic research—comes into play when the animal is well-fed and secure; only then is he in the mood to gratify this intellectual need. Similarly, the juvenile ape, observing grownup behavior, mimes it in his games. For this pleasurable educational system, modern man has substituted the discipline of the classroom and the material rewards of grades, both of which, in Washburn's view, offend man's basic biological nature.

**Murder and War.** Probably the most controversial studies of man and animal—notably by Konrad Lorenz—have to do with the biology of aggression and its implication for modern society. Evolution indicates that the aggressive instinct tended to preserve order within a tribal structure. But most human aggregates have gone beyond the tribe. And perhaps as an inevitable result, aggression no longer keeps but strains the peace. In man's simpler and less crowded past, aggression was both useful and effective; in man's present, it can lead to such thoroughly unanimal behavior as murder and war.

This is partly because the human animal straddles the past and the present. "It is not only our bodies that are primitive, but also our customs," Washburn writes. "They are not adapted to the crowded, technical world, dominated by a fantastic acceleration of scientific knowledge. There is a fundamental difficulty in the fact that contemporary human groups are led by primates whose evolutionary history dictates a strong desire to dominate. Attempts to build personal or international relations on the wishful basis that people will not be aggressive is as futile as it would be to try to build the institution of banking with no auditing on the basis that all employees will be honest."

As the proponents of the new theory themselves admit, it is still only theory. They are not working with fossil teeth and jaws but with habits and customs that naturally left no physical trace. All that they have guessed about man's biological history remains to be proved. But the guesses carry many implications. Perhaps the most significant is that civilization's splendid institutions owe a part of their balance to the wily jungle primate still surviving beneath man's cultural veneer. He is really a part of the design. His contribution, only just beginning to be perceived, can be ignored only at the risk of civilization itself.

## SEX

### The Humor of Hostility

Those indefatigable human deterrents, the censor and the prude, have utterly failed to launder, much less expunge, man's lowest literary form: the dirty joke. What accounts for its lusty and unabashed survival? Freud suggested that the smutty story verbalizes male aggressive instincts against the highly disturbing opposite sex. Somewhat embellished, this theory lies at the heart of Gershon Legman's *Rationale of the Dirty Joke* (Grove Press; \$15), which beyond all doubt qualifies as the most bizarre book of research in recent years. Legman's study is an 811-page anthology of dirty jokes, complete with explanatory



AUTHOR LEGMAN

Triumph rather than conquest.

texts, notes on dates and country of origin, and references to leading variations.

A Beethoven-loving American expatriate who now lives in France, Legman has written five books on aspects of erotica, and once worked as a bibliographer for Indiana University's Kinsey Institute for Sex Research. Bulky as it is, *Rationale of the Dirty Joke* is only the first of two volumes he has written on the subject—and, as Legman warns in his preface, the "cleaner" one at that. Legman's approach to his subject is at once serious, scholarly and slightly disquieting. Any reader who gazes beyond the italics is likely to think twice before telling another dirty joke, or even before listening to one.

**Key to Character.** Legman contends that a man's taste in coarse humor is the key to his character, and also reveals the depth of his anxiety about Western civilization's three great sexual hang-ups: venereal disease, homosexuality and castration.

The dirty joke, says Legman, owes its popularity to the urgent male need to allay this anxiety. One of the most effective antidotes to fear is laughter, and man has been guffawing for years at fears of his own sexual inadequacy or

of the menacing, potentially castrating accomplice who lurks in the conjugal equation.

Legman analyzes jokes in the light of their fear quotient. The fear buried in jokes about adultery, he contends, is that of homosexuality. There is an understood linkage between the cuckolded husband and his wife's traducer in the familiar story about the wife who admits to adultery while her husband was out of town. Husband: "Who was it, Finkelstein?" Wife: "No." "Cohen?" "No." "Shapiro?" "No." "What's the matter—none of my friends are good enough for you?" Concludes Legman: "In the relationship with the other man that is crucial to adultery, it is the triumph over him, rather than the sexual conquest of his wife, that is understood to be the adulterer's real thrill."

Potency jokes—another rich vein of Legmanian source material—invariably conceal the fear of inadequacy or impotence behind outrageous boasts. First woman: "Did you hear about the woman who had quadruplets? I understand that only happens once every 60,000 times." Second woman: "My goodness, when does she get her housework done?" Although the characters are women, the perspective is male: as Legman notes, women never compose dirty jokes but are nearly always the butt of them. The alleged insatiability of the female also runs as an undercurrent through that story—providing a way for the male who is worried about his sexual adequacy to blame it on his partner. This principle comes clear in the joke about a wife whose doctor informs her that her husband is suffering from the physical effects of dissipation. "Dissipation? But doctor, that's impossible. Why he's been home every night since we were married."

**Across the Threshold.** Legman's arguments are buttressed by an informed understanding of psychoanalytic theory and by a wide acquaintance with the classics. He makes a convincing case for the naked hostility hidden in most vulgarisms for the sex act. Two examples are the transparent sexuality of the most romantic of marriage rituals ("Carrying the bride across the threshold really means crossing the threshold of the bride, doesn't it?"), and the homosexual tendencies of the Don Juan ("The actual meaning of the urge to get through intercourse as fast as possible is that one hates the woman, or women"). All this suggests the obsessive quality of man's erotic fears—and the cathartic character of the dirty joke.

"People do not joke about what makes them happy or what is sacred to them," Legman says. "They joke only about what frightens or disturbs them." He agrees with Freud that "it is not our hatred of our enemies that harms us—it is our hatred for the people we really love that destroys us." By giving vent to this ambivalence, unacceptable at the level of consciousness, the dirty joke plays a small but necessary part in preserving man's emotional balance.

# SCIENCE

## INVESTIGATIONS

### Saucers' End

The 1,465-page report was the product of a two-year, \$500,000 investigation sponsored by the Air Force and conducted by a team of University of Colorado scientists led by respected Physicist Edward Condon. It had been thoroughly reviewed and then approved by the prestigious National Academy of Sciences. Thus, when the *Scientific Study of Unidentified Flying Objects* was finally made public last week, it spoke with authority. Its conclusions all but demolished the idea that earth has been visited by creatures from other planets. Despite a few remaining puzzles, there is no evidence, said the report, that UFOs are spaceships from extraterrestrial civilizations and no scientific justification at this time for any further extensive saucer investigations.

The still loyal legions of flying-saucer believers protested indignantly. In Washington, the National Investigations Committee for Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) called a press conference to charge that the study ignored "the vast majority of reliable, unexplained UFO sighting cases." Physicist James McDonald, one of the few reputable scientists who side with the saucer buffs, insisted that the Condon group "wasted an unprecedented opportunity" to make a scientific study of the UFO problem. In *UFOs? Yes!*, a rambling book published to coincide with the release of the Condon report, a psychologist\* who was

fired from the Colorado team bitterly attacked his former colleagues, their motives and their methods.

**Article of Faith.** Saucer buffs had good reason to be annoyed. The Colorado investigation destroyed some of their favorite theories with simple, rational explanations for several classic UFO sightings and incidents. Some believers, for example, are certain that saucers come from a planet named Clarion that is always on the opposite side of the sun from the earth and always hidden from terrestrial viewers. With calculations made by U.S. Naval Observatory scientists, the Condon group was able to show that variations in the orbital path of Clarion would soon make it visible from earth. Besides, Clarion's gravity would affect the motion of Venus. Since Clarion has not been seen, and the orbit of Venus shows no signs of mysterious perturbations, the scientists concluded that Clarion does not exist.

A fragment of metal that reportedly fell to earth in 1957 when a UFO exploded in the air above the state of São Paulo, Brazil, was sent to a Washington laboratory for analysis. It had been an article of faith among many saucer believers that the fragment consisted of magnesium more pure than any ever made by man. The lab tests, said the report, suggested an earthly origin; the fragment contained more impurities than commercially produced magnesium.

Another UFO landmark, a "claw-shaped" marking on the dry sand of a beach that was pictured in a special *Look* issue on flying saucers, turned out to be merely urine-soaked sand.

"Some person or animal," the Condon report solemnly states, "had performed an act of micturition there."

Ford Motor Co. scientists were called in to study a saucer-based theory that the powerful magnetic field generated around a UFO stalls nearby cars by disrupting their electrical systems. Researchers had previously found that an extremely strong magnetic field imposed upon an ignition coil would indeed stall a car; but the Ford experts pointed out that the field would also permanently change the normal magnetic pattern in the metal of the auto body. When they compared a car reportedly immobilized by a saucer with identical models that were nowhere near the site of the incident, the Ford men found that its magnetic pattern was no different from the others. Their conclusion: the stalled car had never been subjected to an intense magnetic field—from a UFO or anything else.

The Condon forces also launched an attack on some of the most cherished UFO photographs. Traveling to Fort Belvoir, Va., where an Army private had photographed a ringlike UFO in 1957, investigators showed the picture to Army technicians. The technicians immediately identified the UFO as a vortex ring formed when diesel oil, gasoline and white phosphorus was exploded by TNT to simulate atomic-bomb explosions during demonstrations.

With the assistance of a photo analyst from the Raytheon Co., the Condon group found discrepancies in a pair of saucer photographs taken in 1966 by a barber in his front yard in Roseville, Ohio. Although the barber insisted that he had shot the pictures less than two minutes apart, the analyst surveyed the yard and determined from

\* After leaking the contents of a private memo to outsiders.



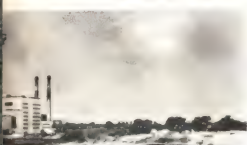
OHIO OBJECT



CONDON, UFO & REPORT



CALIFORNIA CIRCLE



MASSACHUSETTS MYSTERY



BRAZIL BLOBS

A massive voice of authority.



the position and length of shadows in the pictures that they could only have been taken more than an hour apart—and in the reverse order from that claimed by the barber.

Despite careful examination, the report admits, the Colorado team was unable to explain satisfactorily either the saucer photographs taken in 1950 by a McMinnville, Ore., farmer or those shot from a truck by a California traffic investigator in 1965. The scientists were particularly impressed by the analysis of the McMinnville pictures, "in which all factors investigated appear to be consistent with the assertion that an extraordinary object flew within sight of two witnesses." The report nonetheless does not rule out the possibility of a hoax. "The fact that the object appears beneath the same part of the overhead wire in both photos," the report cautions, "can be used as an argument favoring a suspended model."

**Hot-Air Balloon.** Scientists from the Stanford Research Institute were also pressed into service by Condon and were able to attribute many radar UFO sightings to atmospheric aberrations. But no one could explain a radar blip that overtook and passed a Braniff airliner as it descended toward the Colorado Springs airport in May, 1967. Says the report: "This must remain as one of the most puzzling radar cases on record, and no conclusion is possible at this time."

Other episodes have proved considerably less mysterious. In January 1968, near Castle Rock, Colo., some 30 witnesses reported night-flying UFOs with flashing lights, fantastic maneuverability and occupants that were presumed to be from outer space. "Two days later," the study says, "it was more modestly reported that two high school boys had launched a polyethylene, candle-heated hot-air balloon."

Fed up with hoaxes and saturated by worthless reports from well-meaning witnesses, the scientists recommended that the Air Force's Project Blue Book (the information-gathering and investigating office on UFO reports) be shut down and that no additional federal funds be spent at this time on the major new saucer agency now being advocated by many UFO believers. "Our general conclusion," said the investigators, "is that nothing has come from the study of UFOs in the past 21 years that has added to scientific knowledge."

## SPACE

### Worth the Price

Although they were all earthbound last week, the U.S. spacemen were still flying high. Apollo 8 Astronauts Frank Borman, James Lovell and William Anders were whisked along a heroes' route that took them to the White House, an appearance before Congress, a ticker-tape parade in Manhattan, a reception at the United Nations and a state dinner hosted by New York Governor Nel-



ASTRONAUTS IN MANHATTAN TICKER-TAPE PARADE

Equaling their feats in space.

son Rockefeller. And even before the glow from Apollo 8 subsided, NASA named Astronauts Michael Collins, 38, Neil Armstrong, 38, and Edwin Aldrin, 37, as the crew of what could be an even more historic flight: the Apollo 11 mission, which may well land the first men on the moon.

At the White House ceremony, President Johnson hailed the Apollo 8 astronauts as "history's boldest explorers" and awarded NASA's Distinguished Service Medal to each man. Then the astronauts gave the President an award. "Jim Lovell has a picture of the ranch I think you would like to have," said Borman. Lovell stepped forward with a color picture of the barren lunar landscape below a blue and white earth in the sky.

Before the joint session of Congress, Borman urged continued support of the space program beyond the moon landing. "Exploration is really the essence of human spirit," he said, "and I hope that we never forget that." In a lighter vein, he described the Christmas Eve reading from *Genesis* and a particularly "historic" accomplishment: "We got that good Roman Catholic Bill Anders to read from the King James version." Then, looking down at the Supreme Court Justices seated in the House chamber, Borman had an afterthought. "But now that I see the gentlemen in the front row, I'm not sure we should have read from the Bible at all."

**Volcanic Activity?** At their press conference in the State Department auditorium, the astronauts gave a performance almost as remarkable as their feats in space. As they took turns explaining features on their moon pictures and answering the questions of newsmen, they were articulate, gently

humorous and impressively well-informed about lunar geology. Anders avoided taking sides in the controversy over whether the moon's features are of primarily volcanic or meteoric origin. He reported seeing what seemed to be lava flows and cinder cones, and said that photographs of the back side of the moon revealed "anomalous dark regions that may indicate new lava flows, volcanic activity." But he had seen impact craters, too, and he noted that "there are enough holes on the moon for both theories."

Lovell took the occasion to put an end to speculation that the lunar surface was colored, and that the "sunrise glow" he had reported from Apollo 8 indicated the moon may have a trace of atmosphere. "The only color that we could see in the universe from our vantage point was the earth," he said. The glow, Lovell now believes, was actually the corona of the sun, visible just before lunar sunrise. He also observed that "the stars don't even twinkle out near the moon," a strong indication that there is no lunar atmosphere.

By far the most unusual event of the entire flight, Borman said, occurred near the end of the mission, when the heat of re-entry ionized the air around Apollo. "The whole spacecraft was bathed in light that made you feel like you were inside a neon tube," Borman, who last week was appointed deputy director of flight-crew operations at the Manned Spacecraft Center, will not make another space flight. But he is anxious that the horizons continue to expand for other astronauts. "I do not submit that there won't be further tragedy in this program," he said, "but I do say that it's worth the price we have to pay."

# EDUCATION

## COLLEGES

### Engulfed by Black Anger

Across the U.S. last week, black anger engulfed at least eight college campuses and even a high school. As the Christmas holidays ended and higher education hesitantly launched into the long, cold winter term, strikes and clashes with police supplanted studies. Practically all of the disorders shared a common feature: often extravagant demands by black students.

► At San Francisco State College, a months-old student strike was complicated by a partial walkout by teachers. Mounted police charged groups of students along off-campus streets; rocks flew and the toll of arrests and injuries climbed steadily. The basic issue faced by Acting President S. I. Hayakawa remained the demands for more minority admissions and minority studies posed by the Black Students Union and the Third World Liberation Front, an organization representing campus minority groups other than Negroes. Some of the demands have been met, but the militants insist that all must be satisfied without negotiations or compromise. Governor Ronald Reagan, who is backing Hayakawa in his efforts to quell the disturbances, called for legislation that would curb "these criminal anarchists and latter-day fascists." Said Reagan, "Those who want to get an education, those who want to teach, should be protected at the point of bayonets if necessary."

► In Northern California, the violence that racked San Francisco State affected six colleges. There were fire bombings at San Mateo and Vallejo and strikes or the threat of strikes at San Jose, Sacramento, Chico and Fresno. Farther south, police clashed with 2,000 demonstrators supporting Black Students Union demands at San Fernando Valley State College, arresting 286.

► In Waltham, Mass., black students at Brandeis University, who total 110 in a student body of 2,600, unexpectedly occupied the communications building. President Morris Abram deplored their action as one that came "without prior complaint" on a campus where lines of communication "have always been open." Still, he met black delegates and agreed to most of their demands for greater black representation in the student body and more courses on black history and culture.

► In New York's Queens College, a 26,000-student unit of the City University of New York was shut down



POLICE V. STUDENTS & DOGS IN SAN FRANCISCO  
Bayonets if necessary.

for two days by President Joseph P. Mc Murray "to avoid possible violence." Black and Puerto Rican students demanded the right to control the appointment of the director of the SEEK (Search for Education, Elevation and Knowledge) program that was set up in 1966 to help minority students.

► In Pennsylvania, Afro-American Student Society members occupied Swarthmore's admissions office, demanded that more Negroes be admitted and that they be given a voice in making policy.

► On Long Island, Negro students and some whites at Lawrence High School staged a two-day walkout to protest, among other things, the administration's failure to hire more Negro teachers. They returned after agreement was reached with school officials on eleven points, including the hiring of more blacks, the installation of a painting of Dr. Martin Luther King at the school and time off for black students on Dr. King's birthday.

## HIGHER EDUCATION

### Communication v. Confrontation

Since 12,000 publications in the U.S. are devoted to one or another aspect of education, the country's scholars would hardly seem to be in urgent need of more. George Bonham, a New York education consultant, believes, however, that the need is greater than ever just because of the flood of journals. Last week Bonham began the publication of *Change*, a bimonthly magazine that is pledged to be "an irrelevant foe of all that is arcane, banal and irrelevant in higher education."

*Change's* first issue, which will go to 4,300 charter subscribers (Bonham needs 22,000 subscribers to break even), also

makes it clear that the magazine means to deal in straight talk, avoiding the obligatory tone so often taken by education journals.

**Involvement or Decline.** In a section dealing with the confrontation between the university and the community at large, Kevin White, mayor of Boston, takes on those who oppose university involvement in urban problems. The cities must not be permitted to deteriorate, says White, because "the city and its academic institutions will either grow together or decline together."

Fred Hechinger, education editor of the New York Times, argues convincingly that students seeking to make their college education more relevant have chosen the wrong target. Faculties, not administrators, he says, are to blame for the neglect of undergraduate teaching, for overemphasis on science and for the indifference of some urban universities to their ghetto neighbors.

In an iconoclastic interview, Seymour Eskow, president of the Suffern, N.Y., Rockland Community College, lambastes four-year universities for condescending toward junior colleges. All too often, says Eskow, "haughty senior college departments" refuse transfer students credit for junior-college courses.

**Love, Not Peace.** Despite its concern with improving communication in the world of higher education, *Change* includes a striking open letter from one student leader that seems to rule out much hope for such improvement. Michael Rossman, who served on the steering committee of the 1964 Free Speech Movement at Berkeley, contemptuously denounces "the myth that better communication would solve everything," opts instead for the tactics of confrontation. There is "no campus where significant political advance or educational reform or movement work has taken place that is not also familiar with confrontation," he argues. "You've got to let yourself get angry—and maybe violent as well—before you can find out who you are." To Rossman, who signs his letter "Love, but not peace," no effort at communication can substitute for a good, rousing conflict.

This apocalyptic view typifies only too well what Sociologist Lewis Feuer, in an article, describes as "the student movement's abdication from reason." New teaching in Toronto, Feuer observed the 1964 Berkeley rebellion as a member of the faculty there. Deploping "the student movement's attraction to violence, direct action and generational elitism," he is not a bit less shocked by the "moral surrender of the elder generation."

*Change* has succeeded well in delineating the gulf that separates a Michael Rossman from a Lewis Feuer. In so doing, it has also succeeded in demonstrating that the gulf may already be too wide to bridge by means of the sort of rational dialogue that the magazine hopes to promote.

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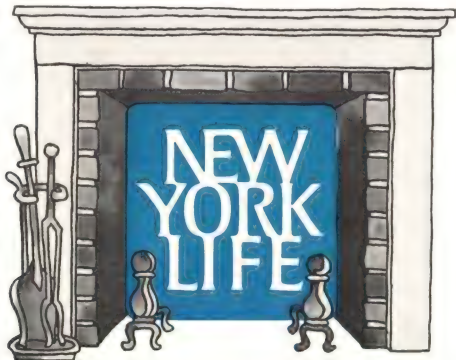
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## THE PRESS

### THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

IN those days, Americans had home towns. A boy was born in his father's house in Charlottesville, Va., or Ambler, Pa., or Scott City, Kans.; and that's where he grew up. He wore short pants until he was twelve, then went downtown on the streetcar with his mother to get his first pair of knickers. Automobiles were still symbols of success; a dad with an Apperson 8 or a Pierce-Arrow or a Hupmobile was forgiven if he showed off a bit by taking the family for a Sunday drive. Radios were primitive; sales of Atwater Kents and RCA Radiolas only began

driver while the gas tank he has filled overflows.

"The great American nickelodeon," Will Rogers called the *Post*. During the early decades of the century, it brought humor, sentiment, pragmatic soothsaying and a touch of romance into millions of households. In smaller towns, especially, it was the prime medium of family entertainment. But it was more. In its pages, readers saw reflections of themselves—or, at least, reflections of what they liked to think of themselves. The *Post's* greatest editor, George Horace Lorimer, insisted that "editors must be ordinary men"; and it

ed by Benjamin Franklin, even though they knew the claim was flawed.\* Irreverently they nicknamed a Franklin bust in the editorial offices "Benny the Bum." Much more real were the roles of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, a self-made promotional genius from Maine, who bought the dying little paper in 1897 (\$100 cash, \$900 later), and Curtis' editor for 38 years, George Lorimer.

Under Curtis' exuberant, free-spending management, the *Post* grew up with the century. It was the expansive age of oil and railroad fortunes and of Horatio Alger; young, middle-class men everywhere were ambitious, eager to make



LARDNER



RINEHART



LORIMER



COBB



ROCKWELL

*Domesticity, a sense of humor and a belief in decency.*

to climb when magazine ads of the '20s proclaimed that "the thrill of radio is no longer in getting 50 stations in a night, for radio has now conquered distance and turns to music."

Thursdays were always special. After school, youngsters hitched heavy canvas bags over their shoulders and set out through sycamore-shaded streets. They crossed the broad lawns in front of white frame houses, tossing parcels from their bags up under porch swings and wicker chairs on the wide, front verandas. Then screen doors would squeak and hang, and children would squabble over who would carry them inside. A new issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* had arrived.

The *Post* was intended for weekend reading, but nobody waited that long. Dad plunged right into one of Ring Lardner's *You Know Me, Al* baseball stories. As soon as she could get the magazine away from him, Mom settled comfortably with a mystery serial by Mary Roberts Rinehart, which inevitably began, "Had I but known..." The kids giggled at *Little Lulu's* cartoon antics. And of course everybody could enjoy the latest Scattergood Baines episode or grin wryly at the gas-station attendant on the cover—absentmindedly ogling a pretty woman

was the values of ordinary men—cozy domesticity, a sense of humor, a belief in decency and common sense, a faith in free enterprise—that the magazine sought to express. It distilled an almost mythic vision of small-town America that many of its readers were still living and others were already nostalgic about. It made even sophisticates realize, with a pleasant pang, that they were partly Penrods at heart.

Benny the Bum. Myths endure, but their purveyors do not. Last week, after a century and a half of continuous publication, the *Post* came to an end. Readership had remained high in recent years, but costs rose higher and advertising revenues went down. Largely because of the *Post's* problems, the parent Curtis Publishing Co. had lost \$62 million since 1961. The *Post* figured to cut its deficit from \$5,000,000 last year to \$3,000,000 in 1969, but hopes of regaining advertisers remained dim. The Curtis board of directors, bowing to the inevitable, gathered in New York City and decreed death for the magazine after its Feb. 8 issue.

Over the years, the *Post* had proved so durable that it seemed death might never come. Oldtime editors rather liked the notion that the magazine was the direct descendant of a publication found-

money. The *Post* captured their readership with such articles as "How I Made My First Thousand Dollars" and with the masculine fiction of Kipling, Bret Harte and Jack London.

Flopping Goloshes. Lorimer made fiction king, and fiction writers princes. There was something close to divine right in Irvin S. Cobb's tone when he remarked, "The uncanny soundness of its literary judgment is demonstrated firstly by the fact that more people on this planet read the magazine and like it than any other magazine. And secondly by the fact that it buys nearly everything I write." F. Scott Fitzgerald walked the *Post's* cork-floored editorial corridors, his galoshes flapping, selling the short stories that kept him living high between books.

The *Post* published Kenneth Roberts and Stephen Vincent Benét, Agatha Christie and Erle Stanley Gardner. William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway. Norman Raine's Tugboat Annie eternally beat rival Captain Bullwinkle to salvage jobs in Puget Sound; C. S. Forester's Midshipman (or Captain, or Com-

\* Franklin bought—but did not found—the Pennsylvania Gazette in 1729. The Gazette's only connection with the *Post* is that it expired in 1815 in the same print shop where the *Post* was launched six years later.





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It's the fastest, most economical way a president can change his business outlook.

All it takes is a phone call, Mr. President.

Simone Corporation, Detroit, Mich., Oak Brook, Ill.



modore) Hornblower managed to leave himself in such parlous plight at the end of each installment that *Post* readers could not wait to get at next week's issue. Lorrimer paid beautifully: \$6,000 for a short story, \$60,000 for a serial.

As a result, countless young reporters, would-be lady novelists, daydreaming clerks and other aspiring writers around the country yearned to "make the *Post*." In the mid-'20s, unsolicited manuscripts poured in at the rate of 2,000 a week, and had to be carted into "readers'" offices in big wicker baskets. Most could be dismissed with a scan of the first few pages, but editors had to watch for glued and upside-down pages farther on—writers' tricks to deflect unread pieces.

"Uh—Uh Painting," Lorrimer could be petty, as when he bought a story by a staffer but withheld the news from him for a few days because "he suffers so good." But he also commanded the grand manner. Recalls former *Post* Editor and Writer W. Thornton ("Pete") Martin: "He used to have a tailor come in and take his measurements right in the office. And he used to take a trip to Europe every year and come back loaded down with Oriental rugs, Chipendale furniture and tapestries. He'd have them all uncared in the *Post* hallways for all the editors to see. He was a giant."

When a gawky young illustrator arrived at the *Post* one day bearing a large rectangle draped in black velvet, a staffer asked what he had. "It's uh—it's uh painting," he stammered. Indeed it was: the *Post* had found Norman Rockwell. Over the next 45 years, his hundreds of sentimental but sharply observed cover paintings—boy scouts and barbershops, April-fool jokes and baseball games—would come to represent the essence of the *Post* itself.

**Not So Nimble.** It seemed that the glory days would never end. By 1940, circulation had climbed close to 3,000,000. The *Post* had become almost as hallowed a symbol of the American way as the Liberty Bell and Independence Hall, its neighbors across Philadelphia's Independence Square. With the outbreak of World War II, the country—and the *Post*—took on a more serious air. Ben Hibbs, a former Kansas newspaperman and editor of *Country Gentleman*, who took over the *Post* in 1942, deployed a staff of crack war correspondents. He also changed the fiction-nonfiction ration from 70-30 to 30-70, shortened the articles, and struck a crisp, bright tone throughout. But when post-war American society and American journalism began changing, the *Post* was not so nimble as it needed to be.

In the 1950s, the *Post* suffered a severe attack of television, which in a single electronic flash pre-empted the role of family entertainer Whittaker Chambers' "I Was the Witness" and Veteran Pete Martin's "I Call On" interviews with celebrities set all-time records for newsstand sales, and circulation grew to 6,000,000; but it was a lowest-com-

mon-denominator readership. Advertisers lost faith in the *Post* audience and moved their accounts to TV or to more modern or specialized publications.

**Too Late.** Though on its knees, the *Post* did not succumb without a struggle for new life. In 1962, Curtis directors found a new president in Matthew J. Culligan, a dashing former advertising man who had reversed the skidding revenues of NBC's *Today* show. Culligan hired and fired, wheeled and dealed, and managed to shore up Curtis' finances for a while. He installed Clay Blair Jr. as editor in chief of the *Post*. Blair's "sophisticated muckraking" changed the character of the magazine and made for lively reading, but it also led to at least six libel suits. The *Post*'s last hope was 36-year-old Corporation Lawyer Martin Ackerman, whose 1962 merger of four firms to create Perfect Film & Chemical Corp. showed his knack for healing sick companies.

The sad irony of the *Post*'s final nine months under Ackerman is that many of the desperate new departures it had made by that time were improvements. It had oriented itself to more cutting issues, achieved a more youthful flair, and introduced more thoughtful content. But all this came too late. The *Post*'s frenzy of rejuvenation was really a dance of death, and those close to the magazine knew it. The end, said Editor-at-Large Harold Martin, was "like being told that a relative had died after a long incurable illness. There is a certain feeling of relief that there won't be any more suffering."

## WIRE SERVICES

### More Than Money

NEW YORK, JAN. 8 (AP)—THE WIRE SERVICE GUILD STRUCK THE ASSOCIATED PRESS TODAY IN A DISPUTE CENTERING ON WAGES AND A DEMAND FOR A FORM OF UNION SHOP.

Thus the AP led its own story last week on the first strike by editorial employees in its history. While most Guild reporters, photographers, cartoonists and clerks (total AP Guild membership 1,374) either manned or respected picket lines in front of AP bureaus across the country, nearly 2,000 non-strikers, supervisory personnel and unaffected overseas staffers continued to churn out a steady flow of teletype news to AP's roughly 8,500 worldwide subscribers.

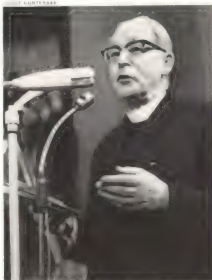
If the issue were only money, the strike could probably be settled quickly. The Guild is demanding a minimum salary of \$264 a week for experienced newsmen; AP offered \$14 less, or \$250. A more basic difference is the Guild's insistence that eight out of ten new AP employees must join the union. AP General Manager Wes Gallagher has called the demand "non-negotiable." If the AP "is to maintain its standards of objectivity," he said, "it cannot force its news employees into any organization, including a union."

## RELIGION

### ROMAN CATHOLICS

#### Declaration of Independence

The church in The Netherlands is perhaps the most independent and autonomy-minded in the Roman Catholic fold. Time and again, it has challenged Rome's ideas of orthodoxy. Last week the Dutch defied the Vatican again, this time with particular force. Meeting in the North Sea town of Noordwijkerhout, the Dutch Pastoral Council, a 109-member assembly of laymen, priests and bishops chosen two years ago to outline policy for the country's 5,000,000 Catholics, rejected Pope Paul's encyclical *Humanae Vitae* as "not convincing on the basis of the argumentation given." That statement was all the more im-



ALFRINK

Discussions have not been closed.

posing because it was signed by the nine bishops at the meeting, including Bernard Jan Cardinal Alfrink, primate of The Netherlands.

Shortly after the encyclical was published last July, the Dutch hierarchy issued a pastoral letter of commentary that praised its idealism but reaffirmed the responsibility of the individual conscience, in birth control as in other matters. The council's statement went considerably farther, rejecting the Pope's ban on contraception and declaring that "discussions about the way marriage is lived have not been closed."

**Reluctant Agreement.** The bishops abstained from another vote in which the council overwhelmingly endorsed the controversial Dutch Catechism in its original form as "a safe guide for religious instruction." The catechism, which was endorsed by the Dutch hierarchy, came under Vatican fire for being ambiguous about such subjects as Jesus' sacrifice and the perpetual vir-

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**MARTIN MARIETTA**

ginity of Mary. Last month the Dutch bishops reluctantly agreed to insert, as an appendix to the next edition, a number of theological criticisms made by a commission of cardinals named by the Pope.

Still another resolution by the council proposed that the church should remain open to radical new approaches and ideas on contemporary ethical issues. Although the final motion did not specify the issues, earlier drafts had cited premarital sex, homosexuality, abortion and mercy killing. "When the situation is not right to render judgment," said the Dutch assembly, "the ecclesiastical authorities should abstain from giving definitive directives and, whenever possible, should leave room for experiment. In these cases, taking risks is justifiable and even necessary if the church is to remain faithful, in multifariousness, to her essence, being the people of God on the march."

The Dutch Council's decision presented a new ecclesiastical dilemma for Pope Paul. As last week's resolutions at Noordwijkerhout illustrated, it is an increasingly open question as to just how long he and the official church can tolerate the doctrinal rebelliousness of The Netherlands' feisty Catholics.

## SECTS

### The Power of Positive Chanting

Most of them are young and modishly dressed. They kneel Oriental-style on a living-room floor in West Hollywood, some 20 strong, facing a homemade altar and rolling Buddhist prayer beads between their hands. "Nam-myoho-renge-kyo," they chant over and over. "Nam-myoho-renge-kyo." Suddenly four pretty girls leap up in cheer-leading animation. Stealing a popular rock tune, they sing: "Yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh." Hips snap, arms flash. "Chant Daimoku!" Snap. "Yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh." Flash. "Dai-Gohonzon!"

Thus went one of the nightly prayer meetings of a new and fast-growing U.S. religious cult, the American version of Japan's Soka Gakkai, or "Value Creation Society." An odd blend of militant Buddhism, the power of positive thinking and showbiz uplift, Soka Gakkai in the U.S. has grown from some 30,000 members in 1965 to more than 170,000 today. The sect, which is known in the U.S. as Nichiren Shoshu of America (The True Church of Nichiren), claims to be gaining at least 2,000 converts a month. In the New York general chapter alone, there were 552 converts during October. Moreover, more than 95% of the new converts are not of Japanese origin.

\* The Daimoku is a ritual prayer whose Sanskrit and Chinese words, "Nam-myoho-renge-kyo," are roughly translatable as "Glory to the Lotus Sutra of the Mystical Law." In homes, it is usually chanted in front of a Gohonzon, a small wooden altar containing a replica of the original prayer scroll, the Dai-Gohonzon, still enshrined in Japan.



SOKA GAKKAI CONVERSION CEREMONY  
Doing it with Daimoku.

Clean Government. Soka Gakkai was founded in Japan in the early 1930s by an evangelizing Japanese schoolteacher named Tsunesaburo Makiguchi, who blended the theology of a militant 13th century Buddhist monk named Nichiren with a philosophy of this-worldly benefit that stressed personal success. The sect now claims a membership of at least 16 million in Japan, and its Clean Government Party is the third largest political group within the Diet. In the U.S., Soka Gakkai at first concentrated on winning converts among Japanese-Americans or G.I.s who had married Japanese girls. About 1967, because the movement had virtually exhausted the available Japanese in the country, its focus shifted to whites and Negroes who had no previous Oriental affiliations.

The sect promotes its cause—as it does in Japan—with a revivalist fervor that suggests an Oriental version of Moral Re-Armament. Its Youth Division has a flashy fife-and-drum corps replete with majorettes. Its thrice-weekly newspaper, the *World Tribune*, is filled with ardent testimonials of what conversion has meant. Every member is expected to help expand the rolls by the practice of *shakubuku*—proselytizing—wherever he goes. Those who can afford it are urged to make one of the chartered-jet pilgrimages to the head temple of Taisekiji in Japan, which more than 10,000 members visit daily.

Converts to Soka Gakkai are a mixed assortment of religion seekers. Some were first attracted to Oriental thought by an exposure to Zen; others have worked their way through a number of religions without finding spiritual satisfaction. The most notable seeker to date is a onetime Mormon elder who tried 30 different religions before join-

ing the sect. Negroes who join the movement claim to be impressed by the absence of racial prejudice. Whatever their motives for joining, converts generally admire the warmth and zeal of the sect's prayer meetings. "I felt like I wasn't really alone any more," says Linda Chernov, 25, a Hollywood costume designer. "I was surrounded by people who were going to protect me." Initiates sometimes attend as many as five or six evening meetings a week, usually in members' homes.

Soka Gakkai makes few demands on its converts: beyond *shakubuku*, all a person has to do is practice *Gongyo*—the morning and evening recitation of Buddhist sutras and the chanting of the *Daimoku* "until they feel satisfied." "It's a matter of practicing," explains one young member. "As long as you're chanting, you're in. If you stop chanting, you're out." Members can chant for anything, any time, and the newer ones often concentrate on material wants: a better apartment, a new job, a new car. Members even testify to such minor miracles as praying a traffic cop out of a ticket, or a professor into a passing grade. One San Francisco hippie who joined the sect prayed for—and got—"a pocketful of drugs," then tried for something harder: a girl named Sue. "That week," he disclosed in an English-language monthly published by the sect, "I met five girls named Sue."

As they develop, though, members of the sect are expected to chant for spiritual blessings, such as moral rectitude and deeper understanding of the faith. "Your desires get higher and higher," says Sandi Mytinger, 25, "and your life gets higher and higher." Ultimately, the goal of Soka Gakkai is the establishment of an earthly kingdom come—an era of world peace that will be achieved when at least one-third of mankind adopts the sect's version of true Buddhism. The movement clearly has a long way to go.

\* One Soka Gakkai song—to the tune of *I've Been Working on the Railroad*—immortalizes the practice: "I've been doing *shakubuku* all the livelong day."



## SPORT

### FOOTBALL

#### Pros in the Playground

Once upon a time there lived in New York City a little boy named Danny Reeves whose father was very rich. When Danny and his friends wanted to play touch football, dad's chauffeur would drive them to the playground in a long, shiny automobile. That was fun, but for Danny the greatest fun of all was the idea of some day having a football team of his very own. Why? As Danny once told a friend: "Isn't it the dream of every American boy to own a football team?" For Danny, at least, it was. So, in 1941, when he was 28 years old, he went out and bought

Chicago Bears' coaching staff, but eventually he got his way. The players loved Allen; in the past two seasons they won 21 games, lost four and tied three. The fans loved Allen too, but Danny was unhappy. For one thing, Allen, the son of a factory worker, had a quaint idea that the fun of football was winning. For another thing, people were beginning to refer to Danny's team as George's team. Back at the Bel-Air, Danny told his pals that the way Coach Allen drove the players at practice and worked 18 hours a day "takes all the pleasure out of owning a team." Somehow, he sighed, it was "more fun" losing with the other coaches than winning with George. So, not wanting to



GEORGIE AND DANNY MAKING UP

One man's fun is another man's misfortune.

himself a team named the Rams and later he found them a nice home in Los Angeles.

It was wonderful. There were lots of All-America players to buy and trade. A big stadium to fill with cheering fans. Coaches to advise. And, best of all, there was the fun of going to the Bel-Air Hotel bar and staying up late at night talking football with friends. The only trouble was that too often Danny's team lost more games than it won, once for seven seasons in a row. That got to be boring and, in an effort to liven things up, Danny kept switching coaches. When he fired No. 6 just two days before Christmas of 1965, some people said that he had become too difficult to work with. Danny could not understand that. As he often said, football was, after all, just "fun and games."

**Exclusive Toy.** Then, three years ago, Danny offered the coaching job to George Allen. Danny had to fight a nasty legal battle to free him from the

appear mean again, he waited until the day after Christmas to tell Allen that "this is the end."

George Allen cried. One group of fans burned Danny in effigy. Others picketed Danny's office and formed a citizens' council to reinstate the coach. The players took a poll of the team and reported that 38 out of 40 loved Allen. Eight of them said that if he left, they would too. The team, said All-Pro Defensive Tackle Merlin Olsen, was not "the exclusive toy of a rich man." Danny was hurt, but less the revolt turned the movement for pro players to have more say in management, he tried to stand up to the big guys. He would not be pressured, he said, and if they did not like it, well, he would take his football team and go home.

Suddenly, it was no longer fun and games. Instead it had become a sad spectacle. It was, in fact, more like a bunch of big kids having a spat on the playground. Little Danny snatched

that Georgie was hiring players without consulting him and with no regard for the team's budget. Georgie tattled that Danny was never around to consult. Danny claimed that Georgie demanded to be named general manager and was guilty of such naughty behavior as sending an assistant to spy on another team. Georgie said that he "never asked for anything for myself, only for things that would help the players and give the fans a winning team." Danny said that Georgie encouraged the players to ask for more and more money and that he was turning them against the management. Georgie's wife said that her husband's only intent was treating the players "as if they were his own children."

Last week all the children finally made up and Danny rehired George. Danny said that Georgie was a "big man," and said that he was so "dedicated I thought I should reconsider." Georgie said that "I came back for one reason because my players stood up for me." And so everybody in Los Angeles lived happily ever after—or at least until next season.

### HOCKEY

#### Red of the Blues

When the National Hockey League created a new division made up of six expansion teams last season, cynical fans talked of the "dogmeat wing" or the "humpty loop." The derisive epithets disappeared when the upstart St. Louis Blues won the West Division playoffs, then forced the vaunted Montreal Canadiens into two overtime games before losing the Stanley Cup. St. Louis rooters can document to the day the start of their team's surge. It was the moment the Blues first saw Red.

Seven weeks into their first season, the Blues were last in their division and badly in need of some offensive punch. Coach Scotty Bowman made some quick trades and acquired Gordon ("Red") Berenson, a bench warmer for the New York Rangers. Berenson, 29, the son of a Regina, Sask., fireman, had all the makings of a top scorer. He learned his swift and violent trade as a boy skating on the frozen ponds of his home town, but like many young pros, he had found it hard to make a dent in the talent-heavy N.H.L. As a teen-ager, he turned down several pro offers in order to earn a degree in business at the University of Michigan, where he was an All-America hockey player. Belatedly he joined the pros in 1962 and spent the next seven years on the fringes of the big time—never quite making the first team of the Canadiens or the Rangers. "I've known many fellows who had great potential," he says, "but they were just never given the chance to develop."

**Every Move.** The trade to the Blues was the chance Berenson needed. He came out of cold storage and turned

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**Kodak**



BERENSON (LEFT) BREAKING THROUGH  
Thawing out after cold storage.

into a fireball, scoring 24 goals and 30 assists to become the division's most valuable player. This season "the Red Baron," as the St. Louis followers have dubbed the 6 ft., 190 lb. center, is still going strong and, as a result, so are the Blues. They are a runaway leader in the West Division; to their ever-expanding pride, their 18-11-10 record includes a respectable 5 wins, 9 losses and 6 ties against the veterans of the East. They lead both divisions in defense, having allowed opponents a miserly average of only 2.07 goals a game. That distinction is largely due to Old Pro Goalies Glenn Hall, 37, and Jacques Plante, 39.

As for offense the Blues have Berenson. Both Hall and Plante agree that he is well on his way to becoming the league's newest and most exciting superstar. Says Hall: "Red's got every move in the book and then some. He's big. He skates like an express train, and he shoots as hard as anyone in the league, including Bobby Hull."

**Premature Gesture.** Last week Berenson received the largest number of votes in his division for the N.H.L.'s first East-West All-Star Game on Jan. 21. Though he is leading the division in scoring, he rated the honor simply on the basis of one remarkable performance against the Philadelphia Flyers earlier this season. After scoring one goal in the first period, he netted two more in the second period to turn a hat trick for the first time in his N.H.L. career. "I dove into the net for that puck to save it as a memento," he recalls. As it happened, it was a slightly premature gesture. In the remaining minutes, Red slammed home three more goals to become the first N.H.L. player in 24 years to score six times in a single game.

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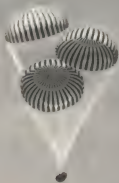
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# BUSINESS

## AUTOS

### Cooperation or Conspiracy?

To combat automobile exhaust fumes, which are responsible for about 60% of air pollution in the U.S., the Federal Government has encouraged automakers to work together in developing antipollution devices for cars and trucks. Last week, in a civil antitrust suit filed in the U.S. District Court at Los Angeles, the Justice Department contended that the nation's auto companies have indeed cooperated—but to impede, rather than promote, pollution control. Named in the suit as defendants were General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, American Motors and the Automobile Manufacturers Association. Seven smaller manufacturers were listed as co-conspirators but not as defendants.

The suit accuses Detroit of "hindering and delaying" the development of antipollution devices as far back as 1953. It focuses on a "blow-by" connection that cuts down the outflow of hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide by feeding unburned gasoline in the crankcase back into the engine. The blow-by, developed by GM, costs the consumer from \$5 to \$10. It has been used on a royalty-free basis on all cars, starting with 1963 models. According to the Justice Department, the automakers could have installed the blow-by connectors a year earlier but agreed among themselves on a delay.

**No Damages.** In addition, the Government alleges that auto-manufacturing executives lied by contending that it would be "technologically impossible" to introduce new exhaust-pollution-control devices on all 1966 models. They finally did so, says the Justice Department suit, only because companies outside the auto industry had developed similar devices. Detroit's car companies are also accused of using a cross-licensing agreement to restrain the prices that they would pay to outside companies for pollution-control patents.

Though no outside firms are identified in the Government suit, a number of them, including W. R. Grace and American Machine & Foundry, have developed devices for controlling automobile exhaust pollution. In the case of those two companies, Detroit rejected their exhaust-control systems and adopted two of its own. Along with the older blow-by devices, the two newer systems are standard equipment—at a cost to the consumer of up to \$50 each—on current Detroit models.

Auto manufacturers deny any wrongdoing. The charges, said Chrysler, would "inevitably inhibit" the kind of joint attacks on pollution that the Government claims it wants. Instead of demanding damages, the suit asks that the automakers be enjoined from doing in the future what they disclaim having done in the past.

## MONEY

### Squeezing Until It Hurts

In response to Washington's battle against inflation, the cost of borrowing from U.S. banks last week climbed to a historic high. For the third time in six weeks, major banks raised their prime rate, the interest that they charge their best corporate customers for loans. The latest increase, from 6½% to 7%, is intended to help curb the nation's over-exuberant economy by making credit so costly that businessmen will borrow and spend less. Because they operate indirectly, such restraints at best take ef-

mortgages from 7½% to 7¾%. At week's end Manhattan's First National City Bank increased by one-fourth of 1% its charges for auto, consumer and home-improvement loans. The true annual interest rates on some personal loans rose to more than 13%.

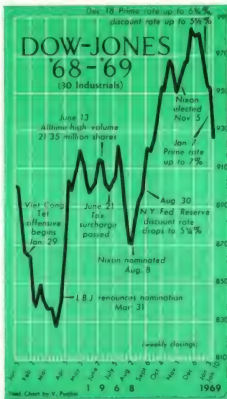
Interest rates have been climbing since early December because the Federal Reserve Board deliberately put banks into a squeeze. The board raised from 5½% to 5¾% the rate at which bankers themselves can borrow from the Federal Reserve. But it made no change in the 6½% ceiling on the interest that banks are allowed to pay on large time de-

posits, which account for about \$23 billion in U.S. banks. As money rates in the open market spurred above 6½%, New York City banks alone lost almost \$1 billion in such funds as corporate treasurers took advantage of the higher return available on bonds and even U.S. Treasury securities. Some economists expect banks to lose as much as \$4 billion more during the first three months of this year.

**Aiming at Business.** The last time funds drained out of lending institutions at such a rate was just before the crisis that bankers call the "1966 credit crunch." Bond prices crashed, the Dow-Jones average plunged 18%, and mortgage money grew so scarce that housing starts fell to a postwar low. Though some pessimists fear that all this could happen again, the banks have considerably more cash on hand in 1969 than in 1966. The Federal Reserve is also using its monetary weapons with more finesse. As the board sees it, the fundamental inflationary pressure on the economy lately has come from spending by business. The board has therefore aimed its credit pinch at the chief source of corporate loans, the commercial banks.

Besides raising the cost of money, the Federal Reserve has been acting to constrict the nation's money supply. For much of 1968, the Reserve Board allowed the money stock to grow at an annual rate of 11%. But in the four weeks ended Jan. 1, the money supply rose at a 3.6% annual rate. By any measure, that amounts to a significant—if so far brief—squeeze.

The Federal Reserve is likely to maintain such pressure until it stifles the inflationary psychology that has gripped investors, businessmen and consumers. "We have to knock out the notion that inflation is a built-in way of life," says Daniel H. Brill, senior adviser to the board. The faster businessmen get that message, the less painful the effects of slowing down the economy should be.



fect only after a time lag of weeks or months. The immediate impact fell on the securities markets, forcing bond yields up and stock prices down.

On the New York Stock Exchange, the Dow-Jones industrial average sank for the fourth straight week. A 26-point loss reduced the average to 925, wiping out all its gains since mid-September. From its early December peak, the Dow has slipped 60 points, or 6%. Brokers generally see little on the economic horizon to provide much cheer.

**Costlier for Consumers.** The rising cost of credit is beginning to affect consumers as well as businessmen. In California, the giant Bank of America and several savings and loan associations lifted their minimum interest rate on home

## A SOCIETY TRANSFORMED BY INDUSTRY

Nowhere does the plant, man, grow more vigorously than in Italy.

—Stendhal, 1826

IN the land of Michelangelo, Gari-baldi and the Medici there reigns a vast and unusual variety of contemporary heroes. The Italians idolize Grand Prix drivers, artists, novelists and occasionally Sicilian *banditi*. They fall barely short of adoring Nino Benvenuti, the boxing champion. They lavish attention on their celebrated movie directors—Antonioni, Fellini, Rossellini. And who, of course, could overlook *Cina* or *Sophia*?

To this colorful collection the Italians have lately added a less likely hero: the industrialist. He has earned national popularity because he and his kind are transforming Italy. The industrialists have produced an economic expansion that Italians call *Il Miracolo* or, simply, *Il Boom*, which has laced the countryside with crowded *autostrade* and studded the cities and villages with TV antennas. More fundamentally, *Il Boom* is converting Italy from a peasant society that served an elite into a consumer society that caters to the mass of the country's 54 million people.

The most widely admired and envied Italian industrialist—the *Numero Uno*—is Giovanni Agnelli, the head of automaking Fiat, Turin-based Fiat, which has produced four out of every five cars on Italy's roads, has done more than any other Italian firm to shape the country's new affluence at home and influence abroad. "Agnelli has a mythology not unlike President Kennedy's," writes British Journalist Anthony Sampson in *The New Europeans*. "Clearly his presence fills some kind of psychological gap."

## A City-State

At 47, "Gianni" Agnelli (pronounced Johnny An-yell-ee) lives in the style of an ancient Florentine prince. He is probably Italy's richest man and heaviest taxpayer—and he is, as well, an articulate social critic with a healthy appetite for life. His wife, a Neapolitan princess, is a renowned beauty and an energetic volunteer social worker as well as a society leader. The Agnellis have a couple of palaces and several retreats in the mountains and on the Italian Riviera. They travel around them in their own jet, helicopter and yachts. They socialize with the Henry Fords, Jackie and Ari Onassis, Ramer and Grace, and assorted Rothschilds—that is, when the head of the household is not busy talking Fiat business with

Charles de Gaulle or Aleksei Kosygin.

Fiat is more than a company; it is a city-state. Most of its 157,000 employees work in 22 plants around smog-covered Turin. Their paychecks, which average \$1.28 an hour for a 45-hour week, directly support 40% of the city's 1,300,000 population. Fiat has company housing, company resorts and entertainment, company clinics and sports teams—but few company strikes. There have been work stoppages on only 34 days in the past six years. Fiat also controls Turin's *La Stampa* (circ. 500,000), which is probably Italy's best daily after the *Corriere della Sera*. It far outsells the Communist daily *L'Unita* among Turin's workers. Like Agnelli, the paper is undogmatic, progressive and slightly left-of-center on most issues.

The giant that Gianni Agnelli operates last year had all-time-high sales of \$2.1 billion. It turned out 1,750,000 cars as well as turbines, jet fighter planes, trucks, diesel engines and farm equipment. For the second year in a row, Fiat outproduced Volkswagen (1,603,500 cars) and ranked as the biggest auto company outside the U.S. Shipments abroad of Fiats, by far Italy's biggest export item, rose in 1968 from 398,000 cars to 535,000, worth \$496 million. Even in Germany, home of the Volkswagen, 1 out of 13 cars is a Fiat. Sales to the U.S. have been relatively modest because Agnelli has concentrated on exports to Europe and has only recently begun a drive to market a broad-

er range of bigger cars in America. Still, Fiat's U.S. sales doubled in 1968 to 31,000.

Two months ago, Fiat leaped further across national borders—and advanced the cause of European integration—by taking over France's Citroën. Agnelli personally negotiated the deal with some friends, France's tiremaking Michelin family, which controls Citroën. Agnelli sought an outright takeover, but Charles de Gaulle objected and the French government limited Fiat to a 15% holding in the firm. In fact, Fiat will get effective control of Citroën through a complex holding-company arrangement. "Have no doubts about it," Agnelli told a friend. "The merger is complete." When the Fiat-Citroën "collaboration" formally begins this month, Agnelli will, in effect, preside over a combine with total sales of \$3 billion and annual production of more than 2,000,000 cars.

Agnelli is also looking to Eastern Europe, where the auto market is underdeveloped and potentially great. Tito's Yugoslavia builds Fiats under a licensing arrangement, and Poland recently signed a similar agreement to build "Polski-Fiats." Russia has hired Fiat to help it construct and run an \$800 million plant at Togliattigrad on the Volga. The huge plant is scheduled to begin producing Fiats by early 1970, and work up to an annual output of 600,000. "It is hard for Italian Communists to complain about Agnelli," says Rome University Economist Paolo Sylos-Labini. "After all, if Fiat is good for Russia, why shouldn't it be good for Italy?"

## Nation of Gifted Soloists

Not surprisingly, the Agnellis—Gianni and his five brothers and sisters—are often described as "not a family but an economy." When Agnelli tells people that he "looks after a few matters for my brothers and sisters," he refers to his stewardship of I.F.I. (Istituto Finanziario Industriale), a family holding company that looks after a sizable chunk of Italy. I.F.I. holds the family's 25% controlling interest in Fiat, plus a 50% interest in Cinzano vermouth and investments in cement, chemicals, shipping, insurance, finance, assorted hotels and real estate. One particular I.F.I. interest is in Villar Perosa: a town of 4,000 not far from Turin. The people use a church on the Agnellis' 60-acre country estate and draw their livelihood from an I.F.I.-controlled ball-bearing industry. They also routinely elect Agnellis as their mayors. Gianni has held the job since World War II, and his main concerns have been



THE AGNELLIS IN PALAZZO AT VILLAR PEROSA  
Style, flair and the wealth of the Medici.



SOME OF FIAT'S 20 MODELS (UPPER RIGHT, WITH SUNROOF, THE 500)  
Breathe in sync, or savor that feel for the road.

with Villar Perosa's housing, its budget and its roads. Recently I.F.I. issued 3,000,000 shares of stock that were eagerly bought at \$9.63 each by some 30,000 investors. Gianni's own 15% of I.F.I. is the main source of his wealth. Altogether, the Agnelli family riches are estimated at about \$500 million.

If Agnelli is not exactly typical of Italy's industrialists, he is certainly foremost among them. Like Italian architects, film makers and sculptors, Italian industrialists have a certain flair. In the board room as on the opera stage, Italy is a nation of soloists; committee rule is rare, and stock ownership has not yet diminished the powers of owners and operators. Their accomplishments are all the more remarkable because the country is poor in resources, save for the ingenuity, inventiveness and individualism of its managers.

There is practically no oil in Italy, yet the state-run E.N.I. monopoly became a world petroleum power under the late Enrico Mattei and his successor, Eugenio Cefis. Mattei bought crude from the Soviets, developed natural-gas resources in the Po Valley, and proudly declared that in building E.N.I., "I broke 8,000 laws." To side-step Cypeloan bureaucrats—with their time-consuming rules about building permits and their endless paper work—he laid the pipelines at night, while the officials slept.

Italy also has very little coal or iron. When, in 1947, some Italian leaders requested a World Bank loan to build a steel industry, the bankers rather snidely advised them to stick to growing tomatoes. But Industrialist Oscar Sinigaglia, then head of the state-owned Finsider steel complex, landed a big order from Fiat and went on to locate his mills at ports, where ships bring in coal and steel from the cheapest foreign sellers. Finsider is now Europe's biggest steel producer, and last year Italy's output rose from 17.4 million

tons to 18.7 million, fifth highest in the world.

In other fields, Olivetti's business machines are known the world over. Pirelli exports tires to more than 100 countries, and has become the Continent's biggest tire company. In publishing, Milan's Fabbri Brothers created a major business by capitalizing on Italy's rising educational levels and its fascination with installment-plan buying. They brought out high-quality serializations of *The Divine Comedy*, the Bible and other works, now sell more than 1,000,000 copies a week on Italian newsstands. Italian designers are famed for what they do with silks and leather, and their fashions are in high demand. French, Dutch and Belgian appliance firms have been unable to compete with lower-priced Italian refrigerators and washing machines. Italian construction combines outbid competitors for huge jobs in Africa, Latin America and Asia. Says a Milan-based builder: "Being a bit of an underdeveloped country yourself helps you work in other underdeveloped regions."

#### Europe's Fastest-Moving Economy

Powered by industry, Italy's economic expansion has been the fastest in Europe and second in the world only to Japan's. In the past three years, production of goods and services has risen an average 5% a year, to \$72 billion in 1968, and is expected by the European Economic Commission to gain another 6% this year. It is true that Italy is growing fast partly because it has considerable catching up to do: Italy's economy remains one-twelfth as big as the U.S.'s economy and half the size of West Germany's.

Yet few countries have a stronger trading position in world markets. The increasing shipments of Italian steel, refrigerators, TV sets, typewriters, tires—and cars—have lifted exports by almost 200% since 1960, to 1968's \$10

billion. Italy had a comfortable \$600 million surplus in its balance of payments for 1968, when its reserves of gold and currency exchange rose to \$5.2 billion, a total exceeded only by the U.S. and Germany. The Italian lira ranks with the German mark as one of the world's soundest currencies, and it is eagerly sought by speculators, who bet on its upward revaluation in the not-distant future. A grudging testimonial to its strength came last month, when the U.S. Treasury, in a report on the American balance of payments problem, suggested that the defense of the dollar would be easier if Italy and West Germany did not promote exports quite so aggressively.

Though the country's export success is partly due to the relatively low wages of its workers, prosperity has spread fairly widely among the people. Per capita income has doubled in a decade to \$1,340 a year. In a country where even ice cubes were scarce a decade ago, 65% of the families now have refrigerators. About 40% own washing machines, and 60% heat their frozen pizza in gas or electric ovens.

The most conspicuous sign of the new prosperity—and the greatest single force behind it—is the increasing automobilization of Italy. As in the U.S. after World War I and in Germany after World War II, the mass marketing of autos has created new tactics: jobs and paychecks in Italy by generating demand for steel, rubber, glass, brass and gas. There was only one car for every 350 Italians before World War II, now there is one for seven—compared with one for five in West Germany and one for two in the U.S. Every Friday 4,000,000 city dwellers pack baggage and *bambini* into their cars and, with horns shrieking and clutches crunching, take off for the country to enjoy what they call *il Weekend*. The automobile gives them a new sense of freedom. In all, 8,000,000 cars jam

the country's plazas, its poplar-lined roads and its new highways, which are already so crowded that trucks may soon be banned at peak traffic hours.

The auto-borne prosperity leads to economic and social mobility as well as to physical mobility. Sicilians and Calabrians who used to dream of emigrating to America can now find jobs in their own country. Last year 300,000 of them permanently left their farms for the northern manufacturing cities like Milan and Turin, where many work in Fiat's plants.

#### Propelling Prosperity

There remain shocking gaps in Italy's prosperity. Unemployment among the country's 20 million-member labor force hovers at 3.4%, which is high by

Shell refinery, the major Finsider steel plant, a cement company and satellite industries, and its workers live in modern apartment blocks.

Another example of the propelling force of prosperity is the old Adriatic fishing village of Marzocca. Fifteen years ago, the sole signs of the 20th century in Marzocca were a lone telephone and electricity in the evening. Its population was 300—barefoot, black-hooded women, and fishermen bound to wind and sail. But Italy's general economic strength has created a thriving domestic tourist business, and vacationers have transformed the place. Its population has grown to 3,000, more than a few inhabitants have changed from bricklayers to contractors, and they have built hotels, restaurants and summer houses

brings pain along with progress. As in Japan and other recently industrialized countries, old values are being discarded but new ones are slow in coming. Affluence makes for mobility; mobility makes for tension and conflicts. "Ours is a restless society," says Guido Carli, head of the Bank of Italy. "There is upward economic movement, but the institutions are not growing and changing in the same way."

Affluence has shown Italians that they need not accept the status quo, and they are demanding basic social and political changes. Last month, as workers protested higher living costs with a violent one-day general strike, Italy's 26th government since 1945 resigned. The 27th seems broadly based enough to appease all factions in the center-left coalition—Premier Mariano Rumor has 26 Ministers and 57 Undersecretaries—but it is shaky. Last week more strikes broke out in more than 20 cities. In Rome, judges and lawyers staged an angry demonstration outside the Palace of Justice to protest archaic penal codes and an overloaded court system: too many cases for too few judges.

#### Problems and Protest

Some of Italy's problems are the pains of growth. Students rightly, and riotously, protest in the streets against crammed classrooms and inadequately prepared professors. The universities were adequate when only a small upper-class elite could afford a higher education, but nearly 500,000 young Italians are now enrolled and overcrowding is becoming explosive. Many priests oppose their bishops on the issue of contraception, partly because the newly urbanized faithful can scarcely afford the large families that were an asset on the farm. As more and more women take jobs, they increasingly demand equal rights, including repeal of the old law that prescribes prison for adulterous women but not men.

*Il Boom* itself is a target of protest, both because it is there and because there is not more of it. Italian Novelist Alberto Moravia echoes U.S. Economist John Kenneth Galbraith when he complains about the affluent society: "The priority given here to goods compared with that given to social and cultural needs shows the degree of our corruption. Italian industry thinks only of the expansion of consumption. And it is not with culture, but with money, that one buys." Many of the critics, particularly the protesting student extremists, take their prosperity for granted and never knew the general privation of times past. Gianni Agnelli has a keen understanding of the social dissent. "The people of the older generation compare the life that they had with the life of the young today and see how much better off they are," says he. "From that grows the gap in understanding. But the young are saying that we *could* have it better, and this is certainly true."

As a young man, Agnelli could hard-



SOUTHERN PEASANT TAKING HOME NEW TV SET  
The piazza is a parking lot.

Western European standards. It would be higher still, but 1,500,000 Italians have temporarily migrated in order to work in other European countries (one major employer: Germany's Volkswagen). In southern Italy, where many of the 18 million inhabitants live in poverty and illiteracy, per capita income is only \$637. "Africa begins at Naples," goes an Italian saying about the South's leading city. Naples lives on memories, and some think that the last good one was the invasion of the fun-loving, free-spenders G.I.s in 1944. Tens of thousands of destitute Neapolitans still exist in wretched *bassi*—basement apartments divided into "rooms" by blankets hung from lines that have been strung from wall to wall.

Now, many depressed areas are being revitalized. In Taranto, an ancient Spartan port inside the heel of the Italian boot, the government runs a model industrialization program. It has increased the city's per capita income in the past dozen years from 62% of the national average to 96%. The city has a

along 14 miles of beach front. Those who still fish take their catch in motorboats and send it to market in refrigerated trucks.

Admittedly, the new affluence has turned Italy into something of a tourist's paradise lost. Leisure lunches and long siestas are disappearing because many Italians are too busy; sun-baked piazzas have become parking lots. Incensed at the din around centuries-old monuments, Roman officials have banned cars from many historic areas. More basically, Italians complain about the problems associated with rapid industrialization—snarled traffic, polluted air and a shortage of services. Agnelli recognizes and worries about all that. "While life has improved," he notes, "many problems have become worse because the towns and cities into which people are flowing do not have facilities to cope with them. The schools, hospitals and roads are all insufficient to handle the increased demands. This is, of course, true in all affluent societies."

Italians are discovering that change



ly have had it any better. His family has long flourished in Italy's sub-Alpine Piedmont, a region noted for its soldiers and industry. Grandfather Giovanni Agnelli gave up a military career in 1899 and founded, with partners, *Fabbrica Italiana Automobili Torino*.<sup>\*</sup> After some early hard times, Giovanni took personal control. Soon Fiat prospered on the strength of racing successes. It absorbed many early rivals and moved from artisan to assembly-line production, which enabled it to build 70% of the Italian Army's World War I trucks. The company went on to furnish Mussolini's military, and Il Duce rewarded it with the tariff protection and freedom from strikes that guaranteed its preeminence. In 1921, the year before Mussolini took power, Gianni Agnelli was born to a life of elegance and power—and, eventually, responsibility.

#### A Circuitous Route

Gianni—he was christened "Giovanni" but began early to use the shorter name to distinguish himself from his grandfather—followed a circuitous and somewhat star-crossed route to his inheritance. When he was only 14, his father was killed in a plane crash; ten years later, his half-American mother died in an auto accident. Gianni was raised largely by English governesses (he speaks impeccable English) and by his relentlessly entrepreneurial grandfather. He recalls that "we always wanted to know what was going on in Detroit"—and at 18 he was sent on a two-month auto tour of the U.S. Gianni saw World War II from both sides, first as a tank officer on the Russian front. After Italy withdrew from the war in 1943, he joined an Italian outfit that fought alongside General Mark Clark's Fifth Army.

Back from the wars, Gianni chose to follow some of his grandfather's advice: "Have a fling for a few years to get it out of your system." He had a full career in the gossip columns long before he reached the financial pages. In the postwar years, taking up with a fast new international society, he ran around with Aly Khan, Rubi Rubirosa and Spain's auto-racing Marquis de Portago. Gianni's crowd gathered in Paris, London and Buenos Aires, at the Palace in St. Moritz, at his own 28-room villa at Beaulieu on the Côte d'Azur.

The fast life decelerated sharply at 5 a.m. one day in 1952. Gianni was racing to Monte Carlo from a party in Cannes when his car skidded into a meat truck. He spent three months in a clinic in Florence. The accident left him with a stiff right leg—he still limps—but he denies any personal trauma besides distress that "I had not been able to let my friends know I would be late for lunch." Within a year, he settled down in Turin and, at 32, he married

swan-necked Princess Marella Caracciolo di Castagneto. As Gianni's mother was, Marella is half-American; her own mother came from Peoria, Ill., and, on a trip to Italy, met and married Prince Filippo, Duke of Melito. Agnelli has played down the playboy image, but he still is occasionally the last man out of a nightclub. Recalling his earlier years, he says: "People had fun because they wanted to. Present-day playboys play for the public. Values today are of very bad quality. One may have had bad habits in the old days but never had quality."

Agnelli went to work under Vittorio Valletta, a paternal technocrat who had been old Giovanni Agnelli's choice to rebuild Fiat after the war. With Mussolini gone, Valletta found an even better

basic industries, often have a privileged access to capital that leaves smaller private companies short of cash—an ill that has never befallen Fiat.

Almost alone among European car makers, Fiat has adopted Detroit's successful technique of expanding its model lines as its market grows more affluent. In 1964, Fiat introduced its 850, a midget mouse but cheap enough (at \$1,280) to sell well in that year's recession. Since then, largely at Gianni's urging, Fiat has followed *Il Boom* with medium-priced cars and then luxury models. In all, the company now builds 20 models, including its sporty 124, which is becoming Europe's Mustang, and the Fiat Dino, a 120-m.p.h. job that costs \$6,000. Unlike the earlier rather flimsy and underpowered Fiats, many of the new mod-



ROMAN WORKERS DEMONSTRATING DURING DECEMBER GENERAL STRIKE  
Growing pains in paradise lost.

patron: the ordinary Italian consumer. In 1953, he brought out the tiny, tiny Fiat 500 model. Italy's first cheap mass-produced car, the 500 fit Valletta's prescription for something that could be made at the lowest possible cost, yet still be "a complete automobile." Italians dubbed it the "Mickey Mouse," and it proved to be for them what Ford's Tin Lizzie had been to Americans after World War I. At a price of less than \$1,000, the car was an easy step up from the motor scooter; four passengers could squeeze into it—if they inhaled and exhaled in sync. The 500 is still Fiat's bestseller; it and a slightly larger version account for almost half of the cars sold in Italy over the past decade.

Such successes have made Fiat one of the few really big, privately owned Italian companies that do well in an unusual mixed economy where 20% to 25% of industry is held by government-controlled corporations. These corporations, which are concentrated in steel, transportation, construction and other

els get high marks from experts for looks, lively response and that fabled Italian feel for the road.

Agnelli had specialized in handling Fiat's finances, and he always knew that he would become chief executive when "circumstances made it available." The moment came when Valletta finally retired at 82 in early 1966. Valletta had groomed another technocrat for his job, but Vice Chairman Agnelli had other ideas. "I decided that I was the best person," he says, "and I took over."

The old guard at Fiat was not quite comfortable with the high-living heir. Early on, too, he suffered a setback. Alfa Romeo, a rather small, state-owned company that specialized in costlier high-performance cars, made plans for building a southern Italian plant to mass produce medium-priced cars. Agnelli used all his prestige and persuasion to try to block government approval of the Alfa Romeo expansion, but failed. By 1971, when Alfa Romeo begins turning out 450,000 cars a year, Fiat will have the novel experience of facing

<sup>\*</sup>Fiat appeared well after Germany's pioneering Daimler-Benz (1885) and other firms, but four years before Ford.



real Italian competition in the medium-priced field (\$1,400 to \$1,700).

Despite that, Agnelli has shown that he knows how to run an auto company, although he concedes that "I haven't the slightest idea how to build a car." Unhappy about some deadwood that had piled up under Valletta, Ag-

years—Gianni does little entertaining. An evening at the Agnellis' 30-room palazzo in the center of town often means a movie in a screening room where 30 or 40 films are shown a year. Agnelli is casual about art, but he does "buy when I am tempted." His impressive display of sculpture, Gobelin tapestries, Pi-

ation—with Central Banker Guido Carli, Treasury Minister Guido Colombo, President Giuseppe Petrilli, of the state-owned I.R.I. industrial complex, and President Giorgio Valerio, of the Montecatini-Edison company. Then came a brief nap, a fixture in his life that Agnelli will not give up "for anything or anybody." After that, back to Turin. He arrived at 5 p.m., in plenty of time to stop at the office and later to dress for an 8 p.m. dinner date at the palazzo with some Rumanians who had come to talk about buying tractors from Italy's leading capitalist.

#### What Makes Gianni Go

Great wealth furnishes Gianni Agnelli with no end of devices to cope with one restless compulsion. As he puts it: "I'm afraid of losing time. I want to get everything done and have everything in its place." In the time it takes for a fairly long lunch, he often speeds by private helicopter from his Turin office to the Alps for a few midday ski runs. On skis he performs almost like an Alpine Nureyev, despite a stiff brace that he must wear on his right leg. His \$50,000 Ferrari can go 180 m.p.h., and Agnelli likes to push it hard. His lame leg propped up on the seat or the dashboard, he flicks his left foot among clutch, brake and accelerator.

This acute sense of hurry is really what makes Gianni go. The Citroën take-over reflects his conviction that time is running out for many of Europe's 20 auto manufacturers, who among them produce just about as many cars as the U.S.'s Big Three. He figures that, before long, mergers and corporate failures will leave only half a dozen huge, concentrated companies to share the European market—the U.S. three, one British company and one or two others. Fiat, of course, will survive.

Time is also running out, Agnelli believes, for Italy's old ways of doing things. He agrees with many other political observers that the center-left government coalition must prove within the next four years, before the elections of 1973, that it can meet the demands for expansion of schools, housing and hospitals, and for reforms in the bureaucracy, the courts and other institutions. "The institutions are being challenged, and rightly so," he says. "We'll have to spend more on our public institutions, even if it means overheating the economy and even if our national income doesn't justify the expenditures."

If the government fails to meet the needs, he fears that voters may turn to the extreme left or right. Italian industry has had a renaissance because competition has forced it to look outward and adopt imaginative methods—and Agnelli believes that there is a lesson here for the government. "The trouble is that we compete with Detroit," he says, "but Rome doesn't have to compete with Washington." Industry has finally given Italy a modern economy. Now the job is to make the state and society fully modern too.



SKIING BY HELICOPTER IN THE ALPS  
"We surely work too hard."

nellis imposed a U.S.-style rule of retirement at 65 and promoted much younger men. He has also radically decentralized management in the belief that "it doesn't do any good to sit on the heads of your executives." Fiat's managers bring him only major decisions, but on those, Agnelli is the ultimate authority. Under him, the company has greatly broadened its product line, introducing seven new models in the past two years, a feat even by U.S. standards. He is also increasing Fiat's international reach. Not only are more Fiats going to more markets, but the company has a construction subsidiary, Impresit, active in the Middle East, and recently joined with several partners, including Lazard Frères and Jersey Standard, in a \$40 million syndicate that will invest in Asian industries.

#### A Certain Pulling Power

Beyond its employees and its 100,000 stockholders, Fiat means more to its country than General Motors means to the U.S., and Agnelli is careful to run it as a public trust. "In a country the size of Italy, a company the size of Fiat has a certain pulling power, which can reflect itself in certain things that are done in the country," he says. "You see it in your contacts with the trade unions and the government, in the way the newspaper you own thinks and writes, in the town in which you live."

In conservative Turin, where the old guard regards the Agnellis as arrivistes—they have had big money for only 70

years—Klees and Renoirs shows that he is tempted rather often. In August and September, the Agnellis move to Villar Perosa, 30 miles west of Turin, where they have a lemon and lime 45-room palazzo with a staff of 20. During the warm seasons, they often go snorkeling off the last 95-footer GA-30 (for Gianni Agnelli—30 knots). All year round, Gianni travels ceaselessly. This week, in the first of half a dozen trips to the U.S. scheduled for 1969, he will go to Manhattan to speak on U.S.-European relations before the prestigious Economic Club of New York.

#### 36 Hours in the Life

"I think we surely work too hard," Gianni Agnelli complains. "One should really be able to get home before 8:30 at night and stay away on Sundays and holidays." Agnelli rarely does, but he compensates for all the hard work by finding time for hard play. On one recent Sunday, for example, he started at 8 a.m. at the Turin headquarters, conferred on production schedules until 1 p.m. Then he had a light lunch with his wife and children, Edoardo, 14, and Margherita, 13, before boarding his Grumman Gulfstream jet for a business trip to Rome. That night he joined some princes, publishers and movie stars at a party, then moved on to a nightclub, and finally got to bed at 5 a.m.

He was up and dressed at 7 a.m. on Monday "to meet the government." In the next six hours, he had lengthy meetings—to discuss Italy's economic situ-

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## COLLECTORS

## The Needle and the Brush

A sewing machine and a pair of pinkish shears are the only clues that identify Michele Sapone's ground-floor flat on Nue's Rue de Châteaufort as a tailor shop. Casual visitors are much more likely to mistake it for an art gallery: about 450 paintings and drawings—many by Europe's best-known contemporary artists—crowd the walls of the waiting room, the workshop, the corridors and even the fitting room. As tailor to more than 100 leading French and Italian artists, Sapone, 56, accepts payment for his clothes in works of art. Says Sapone: "It has been a fruitful exchange between the needle and the brush."

Sapone's skillful needle has earned him paintings by Pablo Picasso, Alberto Giacometti, Massimo Campigli, Alberto Magnelli and Hans Hartung, as well as sculptures by Diego Giacometti and a collage by Clave. The exchange began by accident 14 years ago, soon after the mustachioed little tailor, an expatriate Italian from the mountain village of Bellona near Naples, and his wife Slava opened shop on the Riviera. One day the Florentine ceramist and painter Manfredo Borsi ordered a suit. "If you prefer," Borsi imperiously suggested, "I will pay you with one of my paintings." Sapone did not really prefer. "I had never looked at a painting in my whole life," he recalls. "I looked at women." Overwhelmed by Borsi's forceful manner, however, he reluctantly agreed.

**Audacious Initiatives.** One artist led to another. Poet-Painter André Verdet ordered a sport coat of grey velvet curtain material. Picasso took one look at Verdet's coat and was off to see the tailor. The two men hit it off instantly, and after Sapone had cooked Picasso some Neapolitan spaghetti, the artist gave him three lithographs and an order to "sew something for me."

"He never tells me what he wants," says Sapone. "He leaves that entirely up to me. I search for special cloth in Naples, or I wander through mountain villages in Yugoslavia and Italy looking for 'home-made' materials like Dalmatian felt or an Abruzzi velvet. Picasso loves velvet." Once Sapone delighted Picasso with a pair of cuffless, horizontally striped trousers. "I've always wanted them," said the master. "Courbet had a pair just like them."

Other Sapone contributions to Picasso's wardrobe include a white silk suit, which the artist wears to bull fights, and a brown velvet smock with a collar so high and broad that the tailor told Picasso: "Your head emerges from the collar like a flower from a pot." In return, Picasso has given him about 50 paintings and sketches—including a powerful *War and Peace* pastel con-

trasting dancing nymphs with a hideous fire-belching monster. According to a Riviera dealer, the work, which Picasso gave in payment for a pair of trousers, would now fetch \$20,000.

**Strutting Peacocks.** Sapone's flourishing trade belies the image of the painter as a rather threadbare chap. The younger and more impecunious may seem indifferent toward clothes, but the more prosperous often prove to be strutting peacocks. Before Sculptor Jean Arp died in 1966, recalls the tailor, "he would walk through a party in Paris, twiddle with his lapels and say to people, 'Sapone, eh oui, un Sapone!'" The definition of *un Sapone* varies widely.



SAPONE (RIGHT) FITTING PICASSO  
Where pants cost \$10,000 a leg.

It can be anything from velvet slacks (Magnelli) and collarless tweed jackets (Hartung) to felt capes (Alfred Manessier) and black leather suits (Campigli).

Sapone says that a few of his painter-customers "dress like bourgeois gentlemen" and concedes that he has trouble satisfying them. Joan Miró never did accept his suggestions for a suit, and Jacques Villon confided: "Sapone, I'm really too old for you to dress me." As Picasso told him: "Your suits are like my paintings. In the beginning people found them strange and extravagant. Now they admire them."

Over the years, Sapone has earned 2,300 paintings, drawings, sculptures and other works by the artists he has dressed. Since he has no bank account and little cash, he has reluctantly sold 1,850 of them in order to live. Still, Sapone has rejected offers of \$20,000 for a pointillist abstract dancer by Gino Severini and \$60,000 for an exceptionally sensitive Alberto Giacometti portrait of the tailor's daughter Aika.

## Buried Treasure

To the Indians who flourished in Latin America before Columbus, gold was absolutely sacred. The Aztecs of Central Mexico called it "*teocuit latl*," (the excrement of the gods). The Incas of Peru thought of it as the "sweat of the sun." The metal was so plentiful and easy to work that the pre-Columbian Indians used it to make earrings, pendants, funerary masks, drinking vessels, furniture, and even entire artificial gardens. In fact, they used the gold they loved so much for practically everything but money; for that, they chose humbler commodities like beans.

More interested in bullion than beauty, the Spanish conquistadors who overran the Indians in the 16th century systematically plundered all the golden artifacts they could find, either converting them to ingots on the spot or shipping them to Spain to be melted down. As a result, pre-Columbian objects of art are so rare that any display of them is a notable event.

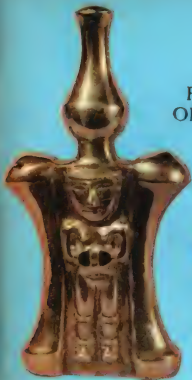
A current, particularly choice event is "The Gold of Ancient America," an exhibit of 136 pieces originally excavated from Indian graves and drawn from 29 public and private collections (see color opposite). Last week the exhibit finished a month's run at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts; it will open at Chicago's Art Institute in February and move to Richmond's Virginia Museum in March.

**Innocent Beauty.** Selected by Allen Wardwell, 33, curator of primitive arts at the Art Institute, the comprehensive exhibit shows how the ancient Indian goldsmiths ground, hammered and cast the precious metal into highly stylized objects. Though the innocent beauty of the pieces was lost on the greedy conquistadors, it has intrigued modern artists such as Lipchitz, Moore, Klee, Brancusi and Dubuffet.

Jaguars, snakes, frogs and alligators, as well as human faces and figures, provided the artisans with their motifs. The goldsmiths executed them with increasing sophistication. The very first of them, the Chavin Indians of Peru, for example, had only crude stone tools with which to heat the pure metal into shape.

Far more advanced were the later Quimbaya Indians of Colombia, who discovered how to make alloys of gold and copper and also mastered the sophisticated "lost-wax" technique of casting. First, the Indians made a model of the sculpture in beeswax or resin and covered it with a powdered charcoal and then a thick layer of clay. Next, they applied heat, melting the wax so that it ran out a channel in the hardened clay impression. They then used the impression as a breakable mold, pouring the molten gold in through the channel in the clay. It is the same method that dentists use today in making gold inlays.

# OLD GOLD FROM OLD GRAVES OF ANCIENT AMERICA



AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK



MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, NEW YORK



MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, NEW YORK



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

In digs from Peru to Mexico, archaeologists have turned up a trove of pre-Columbian gold objects. They were found mainly in graves the Spanish missed. The top three are all from Colombia: a flask embellished with the figure of a woman, an anthropomorphic pendant (center), and another pendant in the shape of a stylized male figure. From Peru come the mask at bottom used as decoration for a mummy and the tiny birds (left) used as ear ornaments.

MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, NEW YORK



MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, NEW YORK



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# CINEMA

## NEW MOVIES

### Epic Vision

Even the modest projects of Japan's Akira Kurosawa are conceived and executed on a grand scale. Whether his subject is history (*Seven Samurai*), social commentary (*The Bad Sleep Well*), classic drama (*The Lower Depths*) or thriller (*High and Low*), Kurosawa invests each film with the breadth of an epic vision. Taken together, his films are like a single, vivid morality play, often heroic and sometimes cynical, celebrating the triumph of man over circumstance.

The audience for Kurosawa films in the U.S. has been severely limited by the vagaries of film distribution. Although *Rashomon* became an art-house staple after it won an Academy Award in 1951, most of Kurosawa's other films have not found their way to many American screens. *Red Beard*, like *Pierrot Le Fou* first shown in 1965 but just released in New York, is being presented at a special foreign-language theater with only a whisper of publicity. Thus, filmgoers across the country may once again miss a masterpiece by one of the world's great film makers.

**Why, and What.** *Red Beard* is an oriental *Pilgrim's Progress*. In 19th century Japan, an ambitious young doctor (Yuzo Kayama) pays a formal call on the director of a public-health clinic. There he is shocked to find that he has been given a post as a mere intern. Stung by the indignity of the assignment, he rebels against the hospital rules, refuses to wear a uniform and grows careless of his patients' needs. Only the silent, looming presence of the head of the clinic, who has been nicknamed Red Beard, prevents the irate young man from quitting altogether. "This place is terrible," a fellow intern tells the young man. "The patients are all slum people; they're full of fleas—they even smell bad. Being here makes you wonder why you ever wanted to become a doctor." It is through Red Beard (Toshiro Mifune) that the young doctor learns not only why but what, in a full metaphorical sense, being a doctor of medicine really means.

An array of human wreckage straggles through the clinic in motley procession: a homicidal schizophrenic who was repeatedly raped and beaten at the age of nine; a wheelwright working even as he dies in penance for an imagined evil; a young girl, orphaned and being kept captive by syphilitic whores. Their tragedies begin gradually to touch the young doctor until, at film's end, he finally tells Red Beard that he wants to remain at the clinic. "You'll regret it," grumbles Red Beard, turning to hide his pleasure.

**Lapidary Care.** As for plot, Red Beard could be Dr. Gillespie, and the intern Dr. Kildare: the story is that simple. But where his hero is a physician,

Kurosawa is a metaphysician. Going beneath the bathos, he explores his characters' psychology until their frailties and strengths become a sum of humanity itself. Despite his pretensions, the young doctor is as flawed—and believable—as his patients. If Red Beard himself is a heroic figure, he is nonetheless cast in a decidedly human mold: gruff and sometimes violent—as when he forcibly takes the girl from her captors—he keeps the clinic open by such inglorious expedients as coercion and extortion. Kurosawa seems to share with Red Beard the knowledge that the price of compassion is often compromise.

Stylistically, Kurosawa is without peer. Of *Red Beard* he said: "I wanted



KUROSAWA DIRECTING

*Rest for the irreplaceable.*

to make something so magnificent that people would just have to see it." Kurosawa's artistry is in the lapidary care that he gives to every aspect of his films. He holds scenes, without cutting, for minutes on end, forcing the eye to choose its own emphasis. His use of telephoto lenses to foreshorten perspective is so expert that it is often unnoticeable.

Since *Red Beard*, Kurosawa has occupied himself by preparing his first American film, a dramatization of the events leading up to Pearl Harbor called *Tora! Tora! Tora!* Twentieth Century-Fox gave him absolute freedom, and Kurosawa revised the script 27 separate times before he felt that he was ready to proceed. Then late last month after only nine days of shooting, the director, 58, was overcome with exhaustion and forced to withdraw from the film. Said Kurosawa's wife, "My husband is no longer young." Unable to replace

the irreplaceable, Fox has announced that it will halt production to give Kurosawa time to recover. Even without *Tora! Tora! Tora!*, Kurosawa has already produced a body of work—*Red Beard* is an integral part—that has assured his reputation as one of the monumental moviemakers of all time. He himself has said, "It is quite enough if a human being has but one thing where he is strong." Kurosawa's artistic strength is his ability to transform the stuff of life into elements of epic.

### Wanton Flow

Between major works Jean-Luc Godard, like Graham Greene, composes entertainments. *Pierrot Le Fou*, made in 1965 but just released in the U.S., has little of the celebrated Godardian resonance. There are no impalements of



MIFUNE (RIGHT) AS 'RED BEARD'

the future, as in *Alphaville* or *Week-end*, nor is there much of the mordant social satire of *La Chinoise* or *Les Carabiniers*. Godard himself feels that the film is merely "life filling the screen as a tap fills a bathtub that is simultaneously emptying at the same rate."

Godard is partly right: wanton flow is the film's main source of entertainment. But the melodramatic sluice-of-life interludes—based on Lionel White's novel *Obsession*—are what ultimately swamp the film's modest blend of whimsy and melancholy.

After a hollow, hilarious party at which the guests talk only in the language of commercials, a television director named Ferdinand (Jean-Paul Belmondo) decides that he needs his baby sitter more than his children do. With her in tow, he ricochets from Paris to the Riviera to an idyllic island where he hopes to end his days. He gets his

## THE THEATER

### NEW PLAYS

#### Paranoid as Pope

"It's marvelous to hear an audience listening," says Alec McCowen. He heard that rapt and magic silence for seven months in the triumphant London production of *Hadrian VII* (Time, May 31, 1968). Now he is hearing it again in Manhattan, where *Hadrian* opened last week to critical bravos that echoed those back home. Reviewers on both sides of the Atlantic have called McCowen's performance one of the major theatrical events of the decade.

The play itself provides a perfect vehicle for his skills. *Hadrian* is a deft dramatization by Peter Luke of fantasy and fact in the life of Frederick William Rolfe, who died in 1913 at the age of 53 and was, to put it simply, as mad as a hatter. He disgraced himself at Oxford by going to a fancy dress ball as a raven and voiding a pint of whitewash from his tail in front of the Prince of Wales. He converted to Roman Catholicism and, in pursuit of holy orders, got himself expelled from two different seminaries for "lack of vocation." He then assumed the bogus title Baron Corvo and tried his loser's hand at painting, photography, journalism and schoolteaching—ending his days in Venice as a mincing homosexual with a monumental case of paranoia. His legacy to the world was a strange, convoluted novel called *Hadrian the Seventh*, in which the frustrated priest developed a fantasy of being called first to the cloth and then to the Throne of St. Peter—becoming the second English Pope in history.

**Narcissism and Vulnerability.** Luke's play skillfully brackets Rolfe as Pope with two scenes in which Rolfe is shown in ignominious penury—freezing and starving in his London room, bullied by his landlady, harassed by bailiffs, spitting vitriol at the obdurate world. Rolfe's real life was a dramatic contrast to the Vatican splendor of his Cinderella dream, and McCowen makes the most of it. Head cocked and shoulders hunched into a grubby purple scarf, he alternately whines with self-pity and whirls arrogantly on his persecutors, slashing vituperative.

As Rolfe playing Pope, McCowen basks deliciously in all the power and glory: swishing his stunning robes with epine pleasure, outwitting a cluster of conniving cardinals or charming his opponents into loyalty and love, reforming the Church singlehanded in a series of staggering coups, then meeting his martyrdom, complete with saintly forgiveness of the murderer. McCowen does all this with a command of technique that is outstanding. His ability to project emotional confusion—notably in two dramatic confession scenes—while maintaining crystalline intelligibility, is a paradigm of the elegant best

in English acting style. Beyond that, he manages to evoke for Rolfe a sense of pity and affection.

**Cought in a Dog Collar.** "Perhaps I play him more sympathetically than he is," says McCowen. "I love the man very much." This kind of commitment to a character, McCowen feels, is the specialty of American acting, by which he considers himself strongly influenced. "American actors," he says, "may be sometimes lacking in technique, but they are never superficial. I think American theater has been a good influence on the English—more than they will admit. I found from the Americans that there was a great deal more to my job than I had realized."

McCowen began studying for his job early. At 16, he left school in Tunbridge Wells and joined the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art—psychological buttressed by a preacher and a politician for grandparents and an ex-dancer for a mother. That was quite a while ago (he is now 43), and he has worked steadily and well during the years between, earning a mounting reputation among the theatrical cognoscenti. But his slight stature and light voice have kept him from the commanding leads that build an actor's public following. By coincidence, he has been cast four times recently as a man of God: a cardinal in *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, the young Jesus in the London production of *The Deputy*, the title role in the BBC version of John Osborne's *Luther*, and the sinister Henderson who proclaimed himself God in *After the Rain*. "Eventually I must get out of that dog collar," he says.

Though he would have liked to round



BELMONDO AS "PIERROT LE FOU"  
All points are erased.

wish; what begins as a fable of ennui ends as a parable of evil.

The baby sitter, Marianne (Anna Karina) was once the *petite amie* of gun-runners. Along the trek she cuts one midget ex-associate dead by blithely plunging scissors into his neck; eventually she runs off with another smuggler. Ferdinand finds the violence catching and, in an explosive finale, he erases all points of the triangle.

**Lycée Level.** In his most recent films, Godard has overemphasized polemic at the cost of the cast. In *Weekend*, for example, windy politics fray some of the film's visionary power. But in *Pierrot Le Fou* Godard shows that he can coax fine actors into superlative performances. Belmondo earns his lunatic (*fou*) sobriquet; his quirky bantam strut and broken-nosed banter are only a gasp away from *Breathless*. Karina's sensuality gives her ultimate villainy the quality of revelation.

Unfortunately, Godard is no longer able to make a movie without making a movie about making a movie. The central entertainment is punctured by the characters' portentous addresses to the camera. Godard too often stops the motion to zero in on words within words—as when he finds "vie" in Riviera. And his shrill anti-Americanism is strictly on the *lycée* level, mocking such easy and oversized targets as Coca-Cola and chewing gum.

He does omit one American target, however. At one point, Karina sets the theme of the movie by telling the tale of the man who had a brush with death and fled, only to meet it in his flight. Throughout the film, Godard leaves a trail of authors' names: Robert Louis Stevenson, William Faulkner, Jack London, Raymond Chandler. One name he fails to drop is that of the man who made the legend famous by basing a whole novel on it. He is John O'Hara, and his book was *Appointment in Samarra*.



McCOWEN AS ROLFE AS HADRIAN  
Listening to them listening.



MARRIAGE SCENE IN "MURDERS"  
The rape of privacy.

out a full year of *Adrian* in London, McCowen was delighted with the producers' decision to bring him to Broadway before the season was over. "I love working in New York," he says. "There's so much more excitement about the theater here. You feel that you're in a slightly more important profession than you do in London, where it's all so much a matter of course."

For the quiet, almost self-deprecating bachelor, there was never anything matter-of-course about *Adrian VII*. After all, it brought him popular success after 26 years of work, critical raves and the London critics' Best Actor Award, plus an actor's dream of a part. Says McCowen: "What more could an actor want than to sit on a throne stage center, dressed in white, with everyone kissing his hand?"

## REVIVALS

### Satirical Sniper Fire

A Jules Feiffer cartoon is an act of aggression camouflaged by humor. Feiffer is a satirical sniper who drills lethal little holes in the feverish body politic. Insecurity, hostility, urban hysteria are both his targets and his weapons, and all his cartoons are *Little Murders*, as he has titled his first full-length play.

When the play was first presented on Broadway in 1967, it was given an inept production that erred fatally by trying to be realistic. Caricatures cannot be played as people, and the jokes seemed to expire rather than explode. The current off-Broadway production is breath-catchingly funny, surrealistic in tone and style and hair-trigger fast in pace. All this it owes to Director Alan Arkin. He shows such ready mastery of comic tempo and zany action that Mike Nichols and Gene Saks might as well know that they have a competitor on their hands.

The central problem of *Little Murders* has not been, and probably cannot be, resolved. It is still a series of an-

imated cartoons spliced together, and not an organic drama. The characters do not develop; they reiterate attitudes. One is aware of a point of view, but not of a range of life. The setting is Manhattan's Upper West Side, the people a middle-class family. From the beginning, much of the humor revolves around an inversion of sexual roles. The men, father, son and photographer-fiancé, are towers of Jello. The women, wife and daughter, are ice picks. They live in what is almost a psychotic New York milieu of impending violence and the rape of privacy. There are three locks and a burglar alarm on the front door. There is also "The Breather," a telephonic intruder, who calls at odd, menacing hours to breathe and snort. At comic and not-so-comic war with itself, the family listens to sporadic rifle fire in the streets that betokens a city at war with itself.

**Verbal Combat Fatigue.** The plot, insofar as there is one, is to get the fiancé (Fred Willard), who wants to remain one in perpetuity, to marry the daughter and then do something or other with his life. As a photographer he has specialized in pictures of human excrement, which is presumably Feiffer's ultimate comment on the state of contemporary society. But the fiancé is catatonically passive. At one point his would-be bride (Linda Lavin) says with caustic distress: "See, he doesn't know how to fight. That's why I'm not winning." Finally, the pair gets married out of something resembling verbal combat fatigue, and the bride is arbitrarily killed by a stray bullet shortly after. At play's end, the family is in a state of siege, with guns at the ready.

Feiffer obviously intended to produce the blackest of comedies, but the laughs are treacherously lighthearted. What he does achieve, with the aid of a remarkably resourceful cast, is social observation that is as sharp as a shark's bite, and a highly contemporaneous sense of the unsettling transvaluation of all values.

## MILESTONES

**Married.** Linda Hope, 29, ash-blond daughter of Comedian Bob, eldest of his four adopted children and presently carving a career for herself as a documentary-film maker; and Nathaniel Greenblatt Lande, 34, former creative projects director at Time Inc. and now a producer-director (*The Pushcart Wars*) at Universal City Studios, who met Linda last July, asked for her hand in October in a three-hour session with his prospective father-in-law (said Hope of Nat, who stands 6 ft. 6 in. tall: "I'm glad we're getting a control tower in the family"); in a Roman Catholic ceremony (with rabbinical blessing) at St. Charles Borromeo Church in North Hollywood.

**Died.** William C. Baggs, 46, editor of the Miami News since 1957, whose two unofficial trips to North Viet Nam produced Hanoi's pre-conditions for peace talks with the U.S.; of pneumonia; in Miami Beach. Baggs liked to refer to himself as "just a small-town boy from Georgia," but he was a worldly, tough-minded liberal who championed Negro civil rights in the face of sulphurous attacks from many of his readers. In 1967, and again last year, he and another Southern editor, Harry Ashmore, visited North Viet Nam, gained an interview with Ho Chi Minh and returned home with the President's proposal of a bombing halt as a basis for negotiations. Baggs' own opposition to the war earned him a barrage of billingsgate from hawks—who in turn received a rubber-stamp reply: "This is not a simple life, my friend, and there are no simple answers."

**Died.** Daisy and Violet Hilton, 60, Siamese twins who became a standard attraction on the old vaudeville circuit for three decades; of pneumonia; in Charlotte, N.C. The pygopagus (joined at the base of the spine) daughters of an English barnmaid, Daisy and Violet were brought to the U.S. at the age of eight as sideshow oddities. They learned to play the saxophone, worked up a boffo act, made as much as \$1,000 a week. But by 1960, their renown and resources had all but evaporated. They arrived in Charlotte to promote a film, *The Freaks*, stayed on to work in a local supermarket. The twins once bitterly summed up their lot by saying, "The only bargain we get is our weight for a penny."

**Died.** Guy Emerson, 82, protean financier and philanthropist who served as a vice-president of Bankers Trust Company from 1923 until 1947, directed the distribution of the famous Samuel H. Kress art collections, was regarded as one of the country's leading amateur ornithologists, and wrote three books, including *The Birds of Martha's Vineyard*; in North Falmouth, Mass.

# MEDICINE

## DRUGS

### Kicking the Habit

James LeBlanc, 32 and white, has been a heroin addict for ten years, during which he has thrice been convicted of larceny. Each time he robbed, he says, it was to buy a fix. Now he is in New York City's Beth Israel Medical Center where, seven days a week, he takes an orange drink laced with gradually increasing doses of methadone.

Enrique Blanco, a 29-year-old Puerto Rican, has been through that routine and now goes five days a week to a storefront clinic run by Beth Israel's Morris J. Bernstein Institute. There he takes a maintenance dose of methadone and leaves, in exchange, a sample of his urine; on Fridays he receives a flapa of two methadone drinks to take over the weekend.

William White, 30 and black, goes to one of Harlem Hospital's community clinics, where his daily methadone dosage is being stepped up to his ultimate maintenance level. He is in a pilot program designed to see whether the early hospitalization can be cut out.

To anyone who knows that methadone itself is an addicting drug, the immediate and inevitable question is: Why is it being given to these real (but fictitiously named) drug addicts? Many reputable physicians have despaired of getting any substantial number of hardcore heroin addicts to kick the habit even after long-term confinement and psychiatric treatment—80% to 90% soon relapse. So the doctors have concluded that the best thing to do is to fight fire with fire.

**Rough Challenge.** The idea originated with a husband-wife team, Dr. Vincent P. Dole, a specialist in metabolic research at Rockefeller University, and Dr. Marie Nyswander, a psychiatrist. As a substitute for heroin, which may cost the addict \$50 a day and is virtually certain to lead him to crime, they hit upon methadone. It is a synthetic painkiller, widely prescribed for cancer patients and for people who have undergone surgery. Such prescriptions are not renewable, since it is undeniably addicting. But physical dependence on methadone is less stubborn than that on heroin or other opium derivatives, and patients who take it do not experience either euphoric highs or hellish lows. Moreover, methadone costs only about 10¢ a dose, in bulk.

The exact mechanism by which methadone works is not known, but it involves tolerance and cross-tolerance, or blockade. The patients who take carefully stepped-up doses of methadone become tolerant in the sense that they observe no outward effect from it. Presumably because methadone works on the same brain centers as heroin, it induces a cross-tolerance to heroin and blocks its effects. A methadone patient



DR. MARIE NYSWANDER  
A thousand more are waiting.

can be challenged with a massive mainline fix and show no response—except enormous relief at the knowledge that now he can take it or leave it alone. He can watch his old friends shooting horse and feel no desire to join them.

Physicians are naturally ultra-cautious about giving an addictive drug to known addicts. So Drs. Dole and Nyswander began conservatively, with small numbers of patients. They insisted then, and still do, that the addiction must have persisted for four years, that all patients have records of arrests as a result of their habit, and must have failed in using previous cure methods. At first, the doctors met vociferous opposition from fellow physicians and laymen who



ADDICT TAKING METHADONE  
Spiking the orange juice.


worried about the morality of giving drugs to addicts. Yet as the number of successful cases grew, they won not only increasing professional tolerance but also prestigious support.

**Crime Cut.** The program has now been under way for five years, and Drs. Dole and Nyswander report in the *A.M.A. Journal* that in the first four of those years: "The number of criminal addicts who have been rehabilitated is enough to empty a moderate-sized jail." More than a thousand other addicts are now waiting for the treatment. Of the first 723 male patients, only 15% were employed before treatment. Within three to six months, the proportion rose to 53% at work or in school, and now hovers near 70%. An additional 20%, though not employed, are rated by Dr. Nyswander as "socially acceptable," while 12% are frankly listed as failures. Before treatment, 912 men had been averaging a conviction every two years, and, say the doctors, "for every conviction, the usual addict has committed hundreds of criminal acts for which he was not apprehended." Now, the conviction rate has been cut by an impressive 90%.

The standard treatment program begins with four to six weeks in an unlocked hospital ward, where the methadone dosage is built up, in twice-daily installments, to the blockade level. After that, the patients are discharged but required to report to a clinic regularly for at least a year—daily at first, later tapering off to once a week if they stay clean. "Clean" means that their urine samples reveal no heroin on analysis. On these visits, patients are required to drink a full dose of methadone to show that they have been taking it at home and have retained their tolerance. This precaution is continued indefinitely, even after patients have held a job for a year or more. In the pilot program, in which hospitalization is omitted, preliminary results appear to be as good as those from the original method.

**Possible Biases.** To some extent, the program's good showing may reflect the fact that the patients are older than the average addict and more likely to be motivated to seek a better way of life. Then too, by design, all of them are volunteers. The sample is not exactly representative: it contains proportionately more whites (48% v. 25% among addicts generally), with 33% Negroes and 18% Puerto Ricans. Even with allowances for bias, the results are so good that an impartial study group set up at Columbia University calls them "most encouraging" and recommends expansion of the program and including younger patients. New York City's Health Research Council and Beth Israel Medical Center were early supporters of the program; now it is backed financially by the state's Narcotic Addiction Control Commission.

While some may continue to disapprove of any addicting drug, methadone appears far preferable to horse for the individual and for society.



**He was born 3 hours ago.  
He weighs 4½ pounds.**

**The problem is,  
he'll live.**

Congratulations, Dad. You have a beautiful baby. He'll never play with the beads on his crib.

He won't hold up his arms for you to pick him up. He won't even notice you're there.

For a few moments at birth, oxygen didn't get to part of his brain.

That part doesn't work. Part of his body doesn't function.

The name for it is cerebral palsy.

If this were the worst case, your son would have no mind at all.

In other cases, he might have the IQ of a genius in a helpless body.

Your boy is somewhere in between.

At the age of 30, he may still have the mind of an 8-year-old. Treatments to teach him to do a few simple things for himself will take every cent you have.

And finding a place in life for him—even as a messenger boy—will be harder than training an engineer. Maybe you'll say it's God's will. Maybe you'll say it's just one of those things. You find your own way to live with it.

We can't cure your boy yet.

But we've already found ways to help prevent this condition in others. There are even a few faint clues that may lead to medical help for some who have it.

And we can help out now with treatments and care—if somebody helps us.

We hope you're somebody.

You help a whole family when you give to UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY.



## BOOKS

### A Gulliver Among Lilliputians

ALEXANDER POPE by Peter Quennell.  
278 pages. Stein and Day. \$7.95.

*Why did I write? what sin to me  
unknown  
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents' or my  
own?*

Alexander Pope left his own question unanswered, but a second look at his heroic couplet suggests that the Age of Reason, of which Pope was the prime English poetic voice, was not as innocent of depth psychology as a post-Freudian age might complacently assume. Pope's sin (in modern usage, his neurosis or maladjustment) is explored with devoted detachment by Peter Quennell in the first of a promised two-volume work on the little cripple whose verses fixed a thousand human insects in Formalin.

Quennell's powers were triumphantly evident in his two-volume study of Byron, the only English poet who could rival Pope as a satirist. In Alexander Pope, Quennell has found another genius for a subject, though with him the difficulties are greater. The poet who wrote "the proper study of mankind is man" made no great study of himself, whereas Byron was his own biographer and the actor-manager of his own theater in every line he wrote. The clues to Pope's nature are to be found in the quality of his age, with its political-theological drama. Quennell superbly evokes this quality in a biography that spans Pope's first 40 years, ending in 1728 with the appearance of *The Dunciad*. The bitter personal feuds spawned by that savage satire and the illness-bedeviled years before Pope died at 56 will be the subject of the second volume.

**Venomous Toad.** Pope lived in a violent age. The celebrated Augustan calm was genuine marble, but it was a pavement laid over cellars where every violence flourished. Voltaire was cudgeled for his sharp tongue. Dr. Johnson was threatened by an offended duelist. Pope himself had seen his co-religionists, the Roman Catholic gentlemen of northern England, led, bound by halters, through the violent Protestant mobs of London. Such circumstances must give an edge of sincerity to satire. Pope's verses, light as dragonflies yet possessed of tempered strength, were written under the shadow of heavy penalties.

On many counts, this Pope was fallible. He was often a deplorable character, a petulant, scheming, vainglorious seeker of fame with the divine arrogance of one who declares that "he who is not with me is against me." He was also a collector of injustices; any

one who offended him but once was sure to feel the whiplash of his five-foot line. Those were the days before words went soggy in a Sargasso Sea of print. Men wielded words as deadly weapons, names had magical significance, and a barbed line could not be lightly shaken off by the hooked fish.

When Pope jibed at an ailing enemy as "Sporus, that mere White curd of ass's milk," he was writing with a brutal bitterness that sprang from his own wretched health. He was a gay and high-spirited youth to his twelfth year, when he contracted Pott's Disease (tuberculosis of the spine) from infected milk. The affliction left him partly crippled



SELF PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER POPE (ca. 1720)  
Words like sticks and stones.

and progressively deformed. It also arrested his growth: Pope never exceeded 4 ft. 6 in. (a "little Aesopic sort of an animal," a "venomous . . . hunchbacked toad," in the words of his tough contemporaries). Yet in the world of words of the Augustan Age, he was a Gulliver among Lilliputians.

Pope was a child of his times who believed in a divine order, which he frequently described as nature. In *An Essay On Man* he wrote: "All nature is but art, unknown to thee; All chance, direction, which thou canst not see." It was upon a generally held conception of divine and human order that Pope built his strict prosody.

Pope's genius is finally inexplicable. Quennell contents himself with saying that though the poet himself thought that he was possessed by a high moral passion, his ferocious energies sprang from psychological sources that were "dark and turbid" (even Freud conceded that genius contained mysteries inca-

pable of exploration). Pope's own great predecessor and model John Dryden (at the age of twelve, Pope visited Will's Coffee House to gaze at him) summed the matter up: "Great wits are sure to madness near allied. And thin partitions do their bounds divide." Pope was only 14 when an acquaintance forecast that he "will either be a madman or make a very great poet." He lived in what his own age called "a phrenzy."

The Age of Reason gave birth to England's two greatest satirists: Jonathan Swift in prose and Alexander Pope in poetry. On Quennell's showing, it is clear that Pope, who once spoke of "that long disease, my life," shared in some measure Swift's notorious horror of life itself. In Swift's case, this amounted to a pathological detestation of the

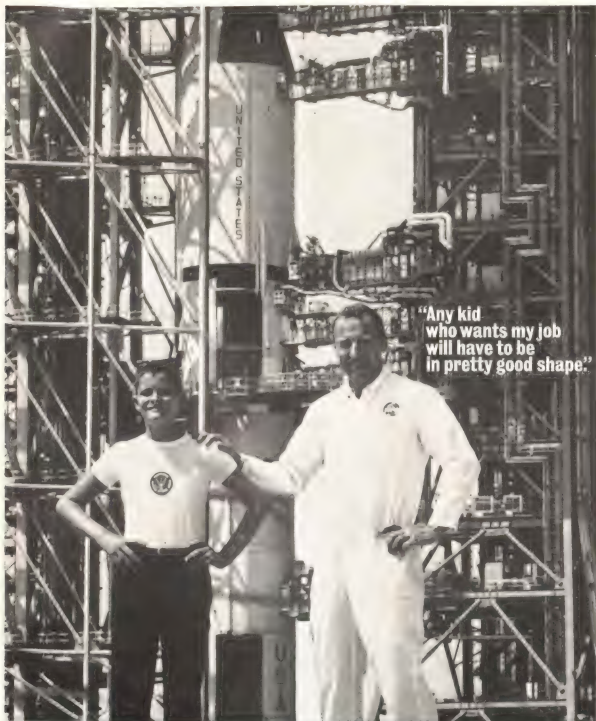
bodily functions intense enough to disable the Dean from physical expression of the love he felt for women. In Pope's case, it did not prevent him from trying to play the rake at large in London, though with scant success. Quennell notes that his sexual adventures were "of a mercenary and transient kind," and that his platonic pursuit of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the one real love of his life, ended un happily.

**Metrical Carnage.** Hurling from Pope's mouth, words were sticks and stones, and they hurt. In *An Essay on Criticism*, Pope skewered critics as those in whom "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and cautioned them in yet another unforgettable line: "For fools rush in where angels fear to tread." In *The Rape of the Lock*, he betrayed a loving scorn of women—and their suitors, himself included: "If to her share some female errors fall. Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all." In the same work, he railed against man's injustice in a deceptively quiet couplet: "The hungry judges soon the sentence sign; And wretches hang that jury-men may dine."

As a result of the metrical carnage he wrought in *The Dunciad*, it became the poet's habit never to venture out on one of his solitary walks without a brace of loaded pistols in his coat and the company of his Great Dane, Bounce. Though he never had occasion to fire the weapons in anger, and Bounce never got to take a piece out of an embittered literary footpad, Pope's anxiety was far from groundless.

The superb, ceremonious formality of Pope's verse is strange to modern ears. In Tocqueville's prophetic words: "Taken as a whole, literature in democratic ages can never present, as it does in periods of aristocracy, an aspect of order, regularity, science and art; its form will on the contrary ordinarily be slighted, sometimes despised, [and] the object of authors will be to astonish rather than please, and to stir the passions rather than charm the taste."

Only an eccentric poet like Roy



**"Any kid  
who wants my job  
will have to be  
in pretty good shape."**

"I fly 17,500 mph.  
I withstand the forces of launch and re-entry.  
I eat out of a tube.  
I breathe in pure oxygen.  
I'm physically fit for my job.  
But what about you?"

"See if you can win the  
Presidential Physical Fitness Award.  
Any boy or girl, 10 to 17, can try out for the  
President's All America Team at school.  
This is a chance to test your

strength, speed and endurance.  
You have to run, jump, sit-up, pull-up  
and throw a softball.  
It's not easy. But it's good for you.  
And it certainly won't hurt your chances  
if you decide to try out  
for the space team some day."

Ask your school about the  
President's All America Team. Or, write:  
President's Council on Physical Fitness,  
Washington, D.C. 20201.

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50,000 kids  
won this badge  
from the President  
last year.

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Campbell, the clerical reactionary, has attempted satire in formal rhymed Popian couplets, and perhaps only W. H. Auden has succeeded in didactic eloquence within a variety of formal, traditional stanzas. Doubtless, the exact antipode of Pope's Augustan order would be the artless, extemporaneous effusions that issue from the flower children of the modern coffee house—quite a different breed from an 18th century coffee house. "A thousand years may elapse," Dr. Johnson said, "before there shall appear another man with a power of versification equal to that of Pope." With a quarter-millennium nearly gone, a reading of Quennell's *Pope*, and of Pope himself, indicates that that forecast remains remarkably sturdy.

## His Life and Crimes

THE VALACHI PAPERS by Peter Maas.  
285 pages. Putnam. \$6.95.

Joseph Michael Valachi looks a bit like a Damon Runyon gangster—the tough guy who really is all heart. Short (5 ft. 6 in.) and bandy-legged, he could pass as one of those middle-aged truck drivers who spend their days off lifting weights at the local gym, then go home and cook up a dinner for the wife and kids—Joe's Special Recipe for Spaghetti Sauce and Meatballs.

In Joe Valachi's case, appearances are deceptive; gourmet skills plainly take second place to adeptness as an all-round hood. A "soldier" in the Cosa Nostra for more than 30 years, Valachi has, by Justice Department count, a murder to show for every year. Most recently, on a June morning in 1962, he beat a fellow convict to death with a two-foot length of iron pipe at the U.S. Penitentiary in Atlanta. By then, Valachi was fighting for his own life. He had received the "kiss of death" from his capo (boss) and cellmate Vito Genovese. In the end, Valachi did what the Cosa Nostra presumed he had done already. He became the first man to confess his membership in the shadowy organization and spilled his story to the Bureau of Narcotics and the FBI.

**Subjects and Predicates.** Over the course of 13 months, Valachi outlined his life and crimes in 300,000 words. The Justice Department gave Maas permission to edit the Valachi papers, then reneged, the author claims, under pressure from Italian-American groups that were anxious to avoid perpetuating the ethnic stereotype of the Italian hood. As an alternative, Maas smoothed down Valachi's story into a somewhat conventional piece of journalism.

The subject is less conventional: the Cosa Nostra ("this thing of ours"). Quite a thing it is, too. The Justice Department estimates that organized crime in the U.S. grosses better than \$40 billion a year. "If the Cosa Nostra's illegal profits were reported," Maas says, the U.S. could afford "a 10% tax reduction instead of a 10% surcharge."

According to Valachi the Cosa No-

stra is ruled by a board made up of nine to twelve *capi*. The group became big business as far back as Prohibition. Though there have been ambitious *capi* since the time of Salvatore Maranzano, who in the 1920s filled a room with books about Julius Caesar, no single boss has ever really taken over—with the possible exception of Charles ("Lucky") Luciano. The Cosa Nostra now operates through 25 to 30 "families," totaling about 5,000 members. Five families and about one-third of the total troops are based in New York City, where Valachi grew up as the son of a hard-drinking pushcart peddler in East Harlem.

Valachi's career coincides with the rise of the Cosa Nostra itself and reads like a kind of how-to-succeed manual



JOE VALACHI DURING 1963 SENATE HEARING  
The ingredients if not the flavor.

for middle-echelon mobsters. At 18, Valachi was already a veteran "wheelman" (getaway driver), but he made the mistake of joining an "Irish gang." That move so displeased the Italian underworld that while Valachi was serving time for theft, he received as chastisement a knife wound that ran under his heart and around to his back, requiring 38 stitches.

**Blood Oath.** When he came out of Sing Sing in 1928 (it was his second jail term), he promptly began to repair bridges with the Cosa Nostra. In 1930, after passing his initiation—successful participation in a gangland assassination—Valachi went before *Capo Maranzano* ("Gee, he looked just like a banker"). Joe took his oaths with blood from his trigger finger and with flaming paper ("This is the way I will burn if I betray the secret of this Cosa Nostra").

Starting out as a bodyguard and chauffeur, Valachi survived shifts in power as tricky as ups and downs under the Borgias. He and a partner made \$2,500 a week from the slot-machine business. Valachi also ran a numbers

racket, a "classy horse room" in White Plains, N.Y., and a loan-shark operation. He bought his own race horses. During World War II, Valachi worked the gasoline black market, earning about \$200,000 in three years from finagling with ration stamps. Even at that, he says, "I wasn't so big." After the war, he muscled into jukeboxes but also went respectable by sending his son to a private school and moving to suburban Yonkers. Then Valachi slipped up.

**Second Government.** A number of Cosa Nostra families, including Valachi's, outlawed drug trafficking because it brought too many federal agents around. Still, Joe found the profits irresistible. When he began importing heroin from France (purchase price—\$2,500 per kilo, U.S. selling price—\$11,000), he brought down on his head both the Cosa Nostra and the Bureau of Narcotics.

**The Valachi Papers** does not always rise above its detail. But for those who still dismiss the Cosa Nostra as the fanciful creation of ambitious D.A.s and over-imaginative hoodlums, the detail serves a purpose. Out of all the dates and curiously businesslike statistics, there finally emerges the dark outline of a state within a state—"a second government," as Valachi calls it. In the words of a member of the Justice Department: "He showed us the face of the enemy."

## Sex and the Single Squaw

DAUGHTERS OF THE COUNTRY by Walter O'Meara. 368 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$6.95.

Few veins of Americana have been more assiduously mined than the Western fur trade. From Francis Parkman to Bernard De Voto, scholars have unearthed the routes and reminiscences of the "mountain men" in the 19th century, devoting volumes to their exploits. Surprisingly, Novelist and Popular Historian Walter O'Meara's anecdotal appreciation seems to be the first to deal with the lives of the women of the fur traders and mountain men. Not surprisingly, their relationships with women turn out to be as rich and varied as the rest of the mountain legend.

The women were predominantly Indian—Stone Age girls with few of the hopes or hang-ups of their white Victorian Age sisters. In most tribes, premarital sex was common (and was sometimes encouraged as a practical check against the cuckolding of married warriors by unmarried braves when the husbands were afield), and the Indian girl usually displayed a hearty appetite.

**Instant Nose Job.** White trappers, with their ingrained leaning toward monogamy and lingering romantic respect for womanhood, often made gentler husbands than Indian braves. Among the Blackfeet, for example, a woman caught in adultery by her Indian husband had to submit to an instant nose job, performed with a skinning knife. Many of

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the white traders were exceptionally devoted to their Indian wives. When John ("Liver Eating") Johnson's Flathead wife, the Swan, was murdered by Crow warriors, for example, Johnson went on the warpath, killed some 300 Crows, and ate their livers in revenge.

In the mid-1800s, when the first "sodbusters" arrived in the West with their constricting fences and farming habits, epithets like "squawmen" and "Indian lover" became part of the American language, and a special form of racism became widespread. Yet to the trappers, the Indian woman made the best wife. She skinned and fleshed his beaver and buffalo hides, sewed and ornamented his clothing, fashioned moccasins and snowshoes for him, and prepared him such delicacies as boiled buffalo hump, boiled unborn calf, and dried moose nose. If she had any drawback, it was galloping garrulity: contrary to stereotype, Indian women were constantly giving off streams of village gossip and household news.

**Live Coals.** Unfortunately, the Indian women and their men brought some unadmirable traits to one another. Traditionally responsible for the torture of prisoners in their tribes, the women were capable of incredible cruelty. When Colonel William Crawford, a friend of George Washington's, was captured in 1782, it was the Indian women who pelted him with live coals, jabbed him with burning poles and, after a warrior had torn off the prisoner's scalp with his teeth, poured a shovelful of live coals onto his exposed skull while he was still alive. Even so, says O'Meara, "beneath her streak of savagery the Indian woman frequently revealed a tenderness and compassion that touched even the case-hardened trader." As for the mountain men, they all too often brought their Indian women liquor, prostitution and so much unhappiness that many "country wives" ended themselves.



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